This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Princeton University Library
32101 066124023

Digitized by Google

Library of

Princeton University.
Friends of the
Princeton Library
The gift of
Henry N. Paul '84

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME VIII.

—

HISTORIES.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH, PART THIRD
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. VIII.

BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY
1886

Digitized by Google

(RECAP)
3925
.1881
.3
v.8

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by
RICHARD GRANT WHITE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: JOHN WILSON & SON,
CAMBRIDGE.

Digitized by Google

NOTE.

It was the intention of the editor to add to these volumes a few supplementary notes, referring to passages both in the Histories and Comedies. But as these, like those published with the Comedies, would necessarily be embodied in the Addenda and Corrigenda which will appear with the first volume, it has been thought not worth while to prepare and print matter which on the completion of the work would be entirely superfluous. — The subject of the pronunciation of certain letters and syllables in Shakespeare's time, has been made the subject of special, though brief, consideration, in a Note which will appear on the completion of this work.

It may be well to say that the results of the recent investigation at the British Museum into the character and the age of the marginal corrections in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, be those results what they may, can have no effect upon the congruity or the value of this edition of Shakespeare, which has been prepared from the beginning on the assumption that that volume, though containing many valuable suggestions, is utterly without authority, and was corrected at a date at least so late as to make the age of its emendations entirely worthless as evidence of the authenticity of the source whence they were derived. (See *Putnam's Magazine*, October and November, 1853, and *Shakespeare's Scholar*, 1854, pages 33–81, 483–504.)

In some quarters the text of this edition has been confidently spoken of as that of the folio of 1623; but erroneously; for the unimpeachable authenticity of that text is not held by the editor to extend its authority over the many and manifest corruptions that crept into it, to the correction of which all available helps must needs be assiduously applied.

Ravenswood, L. I., Aug. 13, 1859.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH

Digitized by Google

"The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* good King Henrie the Sixt, *with the whole contention betweene* the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, *and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters* Church in *Cornwal.* 1595." 8vo. 40 leaves.

Reprinted in 1600 for the same bookseller; and about 1619 for T.[homas] P.[avier], with the First Part of the Contention. See the reverse of the bastard title to the Second Part of *Henry VI.*

The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of Yorke, occupies twenty-six pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 147 to p. 172, inclusive; in the division of Histories, pages 165 and 166 being misprinted 167 and 168, these numbers are twice inserted. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes; but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ, which Rowe supplied.

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY VI. PART III.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the authors of *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster* completed, in the early version of the following play, their dramatic picture of Henry the Sixth's eventful reign, they did not call the third compartment of their work The Second, or The Last Part of the Contention, but *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York* The reason which has been sought for this disappointment of natural expectation may not improbably be found in the overshadowing importance to which, under the hand of Shakespeare, the character of *Richard* shot up in the writing of the third part of this "dramatic trilogy," and in the hatred of the last Yorkist king, which had been grafted on the popular mind, and well nurtured during the reigns of his four successors. The play which was intended to present only a continuation of the struggle between two factions became a historic tragedy, from the dramatis personæ of which stepped forth a hero whose name and whose traditional character were known to every Englishman, and to the representation of which the public could be invited, to feed at once their hatred of a tyrant and their love of those bloody horrors upon the rising degrees of which tyrants of old mounted to their thrones. This, in my judgment, determined (as in a similar case with a shrewd manager it would now determine) the name first given to the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*.

The Essay upon the Authorship of these three plays renders other introductory remark upon this one superfluous, except that the period of its action is from the battle of St. Albans, 1461, to that of Tewksbury, 1471.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.
EDWARD, *Prince of* Wales, *his Son.*
LOUIS XI., *King of* France.

DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
} *On* King Henry's *side.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York.

EDWARD, *Earl of* March, *afterwards* King Edward IV.
EDMUND, *Earl of* Rutland,
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence,
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of* Glocester,
} *His Sons.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,
} *Of the* Duke of York's *party.*

SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} *Uncles to the* Duke of York.

HENRY, *Earl of* Richmond, *a Youth.*

LORD RIVERS, *Brother to* Lady Grey. Sir WILLIAM STANLEY. Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY. Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE. Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.
BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE: *During part of the Third Act, in* France; *during the rest of the Play, in* England.

Digitized by Google

THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH,

WITH THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. The Parliament-House.

Drums. *Some* Soldiers *of* YORK's *party break in.* *Then enter the* Duke *of* YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

WARWICK.

I WONDER how the King escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edward. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

Digitized by Google

Is either slain or wounded dangerously:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Montague. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To* YORK, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Richard. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the* Duke *of* SOMERSET'S *head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons. —
But, is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. — Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven these eyes shall never close:
This is the palace of the fearful King,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in perforce.

Norf. We'll all assist you: he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. — Stay by me, my lords: —
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*

Digitized by Google

York. The Queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be King,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares. —
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

King Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as King. —
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father; —
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
Northumberland. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me!

Digitized by Google

Clifford. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

Westmoreland. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exeter. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the Parliament-House!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the* Duke.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

Digitized by Google

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, Duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster: let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Digitized by Google

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, [*to* YORK.] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours — often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow —
Shall be my winding sheet. — Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be King.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to say: my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. And if he may, then am I lawful King;
For Richard, in the view of many lords.

Digitized by Google

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful King.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Digitized by Google

And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the* Soldiers *show themselves.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.
Let me for this my life-time reign as King.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this to England and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whil'st I live,
To honour me as thy King and sovereign;
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live King Henry! — Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes! [*Sennet. The* Lords *come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his* Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the Court.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and the* Prince *of* WALES.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

Digitized by Google

Queen Margaret. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had di'd a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there
Rather than have made that savage Duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; — pardon me, sweet son: —
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the House of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor and the Lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The Duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Digitized by Google

Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou preferr'st thy life before thy honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the House of York.
Thus do I leave thee. — Come, son, let's away:
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your Grace; till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* Queen MARGARET *and the* Prince.

K. Hen. Poor Queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them and entreat them fair. —
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter Edward, Richard, *and* Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No; I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate

Digitized by Google

That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be King, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Messenger. The Queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?—

Digitized by Google

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me:
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and* Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the Queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need: we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman-general! what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND *and his* Tutor.

Rutland. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, forced off by* Soldiers.

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? — I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder. —
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Digitized by Google

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore —
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death. —
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.

The Same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons — God knows what hath bechanc'd them;
But this I know, — they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, — "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cri'd, — "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cri'd, — "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!
We budg'd again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swam against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Digitized by Google

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? — what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life. —
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

Digitized by Google

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

Digitized by Google

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York:
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. —
A crown for York! — and, lords, bow low to him. —
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on. —
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir. —
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable. —
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

Digitized by Google

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen;
Unless the adage must be verifi'd,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.

Digitized by Google

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears
And say, — "Alas! it was a piteous deed." —
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand! —
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to Heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King. [*Stabbing him.*

Digitized by Google

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
[*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates:
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A March. Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their* Power.

EDWARD.

I WONDER how our princely father 'scap'd:
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape. —
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who, having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,

Digitized by Google

The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 'tis pride enough to be his son.—
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun:
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange; the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it;
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,

Digitized by Google

When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord.
Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he di'd, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face, and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy!

Digitized by Google

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen,
For self-same wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me! —
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom, say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. *Enter* WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with their* Army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O, valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.

Digitized by Google

After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
[And very well appointed, as I thought,]
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, — we at Saint Alban's met;
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went:
Our soldiers' — like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail —
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards,
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the King unto the Queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Digitized by Google

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick come to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,

Digitized by Google

Have wrought the easy-melting King like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the House of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march [amain,]
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry — Charge! upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forefend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

Digitized by Google

(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums! — God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts: brave warriors, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, *the* Prince *of* Wales, Clifford, *and* Northumberland, *with drums and trumpets.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown?
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul. —
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault;
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Digitized by Google

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Did'st yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child, —
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away'?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, did'st thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son

Digitized by Google

Whose father, for his hoarding, went to Hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York; would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword and dub him presently. —
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, — Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field:
The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Digitized by Google

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, "Saint George!"

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud, insulting boy:
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful King?
Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason, too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? — O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?

Digitized by Google

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou did'st kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Digitized by Google

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns
To make this shameless callat know herself. —
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this King by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a show'r for him
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Had'st thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
George. But when we saw our sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:

Digitized by Google

And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle King to speak. —
Sound trumpets! — let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven, or strike, ungentle Death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair:
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Digitized by Google

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And, ere my knee rise from the Earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching Thee, — if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey, —
Yet that thy brazen gates of Heaven may ope,

Digitized by Google

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul. —
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in Heaven or in Earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; — and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That Winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory. —
Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother.

Digitized by Google

To execute the like upon thyself;
And so have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory;
For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,

Digitized by Google

To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepnerds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,— the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Digitized by Google

Alarum. Enter a Son *that hath killed his father, bringing in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.]
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight, '
May be possessed with some store of crowns:]
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. —
Who's this? — O God! it is my father's face, '
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd. '
O, heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the King was I press'd forth; '
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man, '
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master; '
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him. — '
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did; —
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee. —]
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O, piteous spectacle! O bloody times!]
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father *who has killed his son, with the body in his arms.*

Father. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me, '
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, '
For I have bought it with an hundred blows. —
But let me see: — is this our foeman's face? '
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son! —

Digitized by Google

Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart! —
O, pity, God, this miserable age! —
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! —
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.
K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds! —
O, pity, pity! gentle Heaven, pity! —
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfi'd!
Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfi'd!
K. Hen. How will the country, for these woeful chances,
Misthink the King, and not be satisfied!
Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?
Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?
K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit with the body.*
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet:

Digitized by Google

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murther'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince *of* WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward! away!
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene VI.

The Same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;
And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.
[The common people swarm like summer flies;]
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, had'st thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the Earth!
And, Henry, had'st thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the House of York,
They never, then, had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day had'st kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds.
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—

Digitized by Google

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks. —
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[CLIFFORD *groans and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy; for 'tis Clifford,
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murth'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;

Digitized by Google

Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Soldiers bring the body forward.*
War. I think his understanding is bereft. —
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee? —
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou did'st love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What! not an oath? nay then, the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath. —
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood

Digitized by Google

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands. —
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy Queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. —
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster; —
And George, of Clarence: — Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut! that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Chase in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

1 *KEEPER.*

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right:
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

Digitized by Google

1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.
This is the *quondam* King: let's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My Queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French King's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says — her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says — his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the King from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be! and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Digitized by Google

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, [that] talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least; for less I could not be:
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the King King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed King at nine months' old.
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

Digitized by Google

1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were King.
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe, a man?
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded:
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the King, — King Edward.
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry
If he were seated as King Edward is.
1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name lead; your King's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your King perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, *and* Lady Grey.

King Edward. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field

Digitized by Google

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the House of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Yea; is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [*Aside.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!
Glo. [*Aside.*] Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.
Lady Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your Highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glo. [*Aside.*] God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. [*Aside.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Digitized by Google

Glo. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, whip me; he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aside.*] You shall have four if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *stand apart.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Digitized by Google

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then, I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then, her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made: she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers:
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Digitized by Google

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me either with ay or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou do'st say no to my demand.
L. Grey. Then no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.—
Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

Digitized by Google

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean my Queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you father.
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children:
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *come forward.*
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself?
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nobleman. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower. —
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension. —
Widow, go you along. — Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt* King EDWARD, Lady GREY, CLARENCE, *and* Nobleman.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities. —
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

Digitized by Google

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my Heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my Heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but Hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown:

Digitized by Google

And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And like a Simon take another Troy.
I can add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murtherous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LOUIS, *the* French King, *and* Lady BONA, *attended: the* King *takes his state. Then enter* Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, *and the* Earl *of* OXFORD; King LOUIS *rising as she enters.*

King Louis. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou should'st stand while Louis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Digitized by Google

Great Albion's Queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lou. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lou. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ti'd sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis.
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland, a forlorn;
While proud, ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,

Digitized by Google

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lou. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lou. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O but impatience waiteth on true sorrow! —
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lou. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lou. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?

[*He descends.* Queen MARGARET *rises.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's King in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious Madam, [*to* BONA.] in our King's behalf,

Digitized by Google

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Louis, — and Lady Bona, — hear me speak
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice, —
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince than she is Queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; —
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.

Digitized by Google

But for the rest, — you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the House of Lancaster.
War. And I the House of York.
K. Lou. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.
Q. Mar. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*They stand aloof.*
K. Lou. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. Lou. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lou. Then farther; all dissembling set aside;
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems

Digitized by Google

As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lou. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine. —
Yet I confess, [*to* WAR.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lou. Then, Warwick, thus: — our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your King must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd. —
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English King.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Louis was Henry's friend.

K. Lou. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.
[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lou. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter the Post.

Post. My Lord Ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague. —
These from our King unto your Majesty. —
And, Madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well that our fair Queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Louis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lou. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair Queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lou. What! has your King married the Lady Grey,
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your Majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

Digitized by Google

War. King Louis, I here protest, in sight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my King, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the House of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, — as my letters tell me, —
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel and this English Queen's are one.
War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lou. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lou. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That Louis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past; go fear thy King withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit* Post.
K. Lou. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—

Digitized by Google

That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion. —
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.
K. Lou. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet. —
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.
War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE.

GLOSTER.

NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas! you know 'tis far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Somerset. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flourish. *Enter* King EDWARD, *attended;* Lady GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, *and* HASTINGS.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Louis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Louis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And shall have your will, because our King;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I.
No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's Queen.—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion—that King Louis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge.
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What if both Louis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves:
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Digitized by Google

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your Grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be King,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Queen Elizabeth. My lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, Messenger, what letters, or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Louis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words:—
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That Louis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Louis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:—
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong: but what said Henry's Queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.
Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on."
K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:—
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*
Glo. [*Aside.*] Not I.
My thoughts aim at a farther matter: I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,

Digitized by Google

And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be, landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so; then am I sure of victory.
Now, therefore, let us hence; and lose no hour
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD *with* French *and other* Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
But see where Somerset and Clarence come!

Digitized by Google

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick:

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry*, Henry!

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene III.

Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the* King's *tent.*

1 *Watchman.* Come on, my masters; each man take his stand:
The King by this is set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow, then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the King here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Digitized by Google

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and* Forces, *silently.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK *and the rest cry all,* Warwick! Warwick! *and set upon the* Guard, *who fly, crying,* Arm! Arm! WARWICK *and the rest following them.*

Drums beating and trumpets sounding; enter WARWICK *and the rest, bringing the* King *out in his gown, sitting in a chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why, Warwick, when we parted [last,]
Thou call'dst me King!

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Digitized by Google

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down. —
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as King:
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then for his mind be Edward England's King: [*Takes off his crown.*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true King indeed; thou but the shadow. —
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Louis and the Lady Bona send to him: —
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit* King EDWARD, *led out;* SOMERSET *with him.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

Rivers. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune has befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I farther have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and, by that, our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Digitized by Google

Riv. But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down:
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know, our King, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,

Digitized by Google

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

Huntsman. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand. —
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then; away! let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, Young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieutenant *of the* Tower, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieutenant. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sov'reigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly, therefore, I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer Fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Digitized by Google

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choosé Clarence only for Protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands.
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content.
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now, then, it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods [be] confiscate.

Digitized by Google

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But with the first of all your chief affairs.
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your Queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him

Digitized by Google

In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the Bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him,
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, Lieutenant, *and* Attendants.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore; let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown

Digitized by Google

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast! — Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor *of* York, *and his* Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates: we are King Henry's friends.

Digitized by Google

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise, stout captain, and soon persuaded.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor *and two* Aldermen, *below.*

K. Edw. So, Master Mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY *and* Forces.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?

Montgomery. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke. —
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and begone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd. —
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
Soldier. [Reads.] "*Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland,*" &c.
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:

Digitized by Google

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier. —
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick. —
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let's levy men and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: — and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee: —
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st: —

Digitized by Google

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. —
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him. —
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. —
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord; — and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*kissing* HENRY's *hand.*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WAR., CLAR., OXF., *and* MONT.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dri'd their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then, why should they love Edward more than me?

Digitized by Google

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England. —
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb. —
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* King HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares.
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the* Mayor *of* Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

WARWICK.

WHERE is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague? —
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Somerville. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Digitized by Google

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward King, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the King;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my King, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's King is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this;
What is the body when the head is off?
Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Digitized by Google

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood, —
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, *with* Forces.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glo. The gates are open; let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with* Forces.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall 'by this treason,
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Digitized by Google

Enter SOMERSET, *with* Forces.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the House of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with* Forces.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love. —
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper.*
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means? [*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*
Look here; I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

Digitized by Google

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks. —
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight,
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way. —
Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter King Edward, *bringing in* Warwick *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear,
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all. —
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Digitized by Google

Why ask I that? my mangled body shews;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from Winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou did'st,

Digitized by Google

Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said — "Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd: but, at last,
I well might hear, delivered with a groan, —
"O, farewell Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul! — Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *body.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the Queen

Digitized by Google

Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
Glo. The Queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along. —
Strike up the drum! cry, Courage! and away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;

Digitized by Google

Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, — that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,

Digitized by Google

He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame. —
O, brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset: — sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and* Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the Heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,

Digitized by Google

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see I drink the water of my eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: — Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both* Armies.

Scene V.

Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and* Forces; *with* Queen Margaret, Oxford, *and* Somerset, *as prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt* Oxford *and* Somerset, *guarded.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

Digitized by Google

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, *with* Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud, ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,

Digitized by Google

I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.]
[*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[GLO. *stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[CLAR. *stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King, my brother.
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murtherers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,]
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,

Digitized by Google

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence, perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not? — then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Did'st thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that Devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murther is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*She is taken out.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene VI.

London. A Room in the Tower.

King Henry *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* Gloster.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather.
'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
Good Gloster and good Devil were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit* Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that deni'd our course:
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Digitized by Google

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murthering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Had'st thou been kill'd, when first thou did'st presume,
Thou had'st not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, — that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye, —
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' [fate,]
[And] orphans for their parents' timeless death, —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cri'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees:
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth had'st thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st——

Digitized by Google

Glo. I'll hear no more; — Die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*
Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house! —
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell; and say I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cri'd,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone. —
Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

Digitized by Google

King Henry and the Prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best. —
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne*, Queen ELIZABETH *with the infant* Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security. —
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy. —
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,

Digitized by Google

That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I'll blast his harvest if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back. —
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely Queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your Majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. —
[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his Master,
And cri'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France. —
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shews,
Such as befit the pleasure of the Court?
Sound, drums and trumpets! — farewell, sour annoy,
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

NOTES ON THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 7. "*I wonder how the King escaped our hands*": — This reference to the last Scene of the preceding Part is a mere dramatic contrivance to establish an intimate connection between the two. Between the battle of St. Albans, with which the Second Part closes, and the Parliament at which the ineffectual compromise between Henry VI. and the Duke of York was made, five years elapsed: — the date of the latter was 1460. Indeed, the reader of these plays must constantly remember that he is not reading a chronicle, or even a history; and that Shakespeare grouped the events of the reigns which he undertook to illustrate with a single eye to dramatic effect.

p. 8. "—— or wounded *dangerously*": — The folio has, "or wounded dangerous," which has been hitherto retained. But as the passage is taken bodily from the earlier version of the play, which has, "or wounded *dangerouslie*," and as 'dangerous' is never used as an adverb elsewhere in Shakespeare's works, it seems clear that the omission of the adverbial termination in the folio must be attributed to accident.

p. 9. "—— if Warwick *shake his bells*": — The allusion is to the little silver bells with which falcons were decorated.

p. 10. "*But when the Duke is slain*": — In the folio this line has the prefix *West*[*moreland*], by a mistake, which the octavo enables us to correct.

" "—— *I am thine*": — The octavo has, "*Thou art deceiv'd*: I am thine," which some editors retain.

Digitized by Google

p. 10. "—— as the *earldom* was": — The octavo has, "as the *kingdom* was;" and the change, as Malone remarked, does not appear to have been for the better. The earldom alluded to was that of March.

" "*Thy* father was," &c.: — The folio has, "My father," &c., by a common error of the press: the octavo has, "*Thy* father," &c.

p. 12. "*Prove it, Henry*": — The second folio reads, "*But* prove it," &c.

p. 13. "—— to *Henry* the Fourth": — Here, as in some other passages, 'Henry' is a trisyllable. In the quarto of 1600 it is printed "*Henerie.*" The pronunciation still lingers in England.

p. 14. "—— hear *me* but one word": — The folio has, "*hear but* one word." But as the octavo has "hear *me* speak," there can be no doubt that 'me' was accidentally omitted. It was restored in the third folio, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 16. "Rather than *have* made," &c.: — Steevens very plausibly suggested that 'have' is here an accidental repetition of that word in the preceding line.

" "*Stern Faulconbridge*": — "The person here meant," as Ritson remarks, "was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the Lord Faulconbridge, 'a man (says Hall) of no less corage than audacitie, who for his evel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard.' He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea."

p. 17. "—— with victory *from* the field": — The folio has, "*to* the field" — a palpable error. The octavo, the quarto of 1600, that called of 1619, and the second folio have, "*from* the field."

" "Will *coast* my crown": — i. e., will watch and follow, or hover around it, as a bird its prey. The word was commonly used in that sense, which indeed it has not yet lost in America. The folio prints, "Will *cost*," &c., which, although it is a mere instance of phonographic irregularity of spelling, some editors have retained, in the sense, will cost *me* my crown.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

p. 19. "*Until the white rose that I wear*," &c.: — This sentiment is expressed almost in these very words in another part of the octavo version: —

> "I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide
> Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster."

" "*Witty*, courteous," &c.: — It should be remembered that 'witty' of old was synonymous with 'sensible' now.

" "*The Queen, with all*," &c. . . . "*Intend* here," &c.: — Here 'with' has the force of 'and.' Mr. Rcbson pointed out to Mr. Dyce a similar construction in Latin: "*atque ipse dux cum aliquot principibus capiuntur*." Livy, xxi. 60.

p. 20. "A *woman-general!* what should we fear?" — The folio has, "A *woman's* general," &c., which has hitherto been retained, and, I believe, without question. A general is to be feared for his ability and the force under his command, whether *he* command under a Queen or a King; and Queen Margaret, a woman-general, took the field instead of her feeble husband. The misprint, easily made, is as easily discovered.

SCENE III.

p. 22. "*Dii faciant*," &c.: — Steevens remarked that this line is from Ovid's Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon.

SCENE IV.

p. 23. "We *budg'd* again": — The folio has, "we *bodg'd* again," which has been hitherto retained on the supposition that 'bodg'd' was a form of 'botch'd,' and the stranger supposition that the sense of the latter word suited the context. But considering the antithesis evidently intended between this word, whatever it may be, and "charg'd," in the previous line, with the comparison to the swan beaten back by the tide, and the fact that 'budge' was especially used to express the giving ground in fight, there should be no doubt as to the emendation, which is of the obvious kind, and was suggested by Dr. Johnson. As to 'budge,' see "O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but a-foot he will not budge a' foot," 1 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 4; "as they did budge from rascals," *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 6; "let the first budger die!" *Ibid.* Act I. Sc. 8.

Digitized by Google

p. 24. "But *buckle* with thee blows": — The folio misprints, "But *buckler*," &c. The octavo gives the right word.

p. 26. "*Stamp, rave, and fret*," &c.: — This line appears here in the octavo, but in the folio after the fourth line below, "And I, to make thee mad," &c., where it was placed by accident, as will be plain from an examination of the passage. This, it will be seen, is taken bodily from the old octavo version, except that two new lines are added; and these two lines are added to make the transition from the allusion to *York's* tearless eyes to "Thou wouldst be fee'd," &c., less abrupt; which intention the transposition of the line "Stamp, rave," &c., and the interposition of it between the added lines and the remainder of the passage, entirely defeats; as, in that case, this line is isolated, whereas in the old octavo, as will be seen in our text, it has a direct relation to the one which immediately precedes it. The transposition was doubtless an accidental consequence of the alteration made in the old text. Malone printed the passage as it appears in this edition, but without properly supporting the change. Knight, Collier, and Dyce restore the disorder of the folio.

" "And will you *pale* your head?" — i. e., impale, which is the word in the old octavo.

" "—— *too, too* unpardonable": — Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Dyce print "*too-too*," &c. See Notes on *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 6, and *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 27. "—— whom fortune *captivates*": — The special metaphorical sense now almost universally attached to this word justifies, perhaps, the remark that here it means, reduces to bondage.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 30. "Methinks 'tis *pride* enough," &c.: — Thus the old octavo; the folio having, by a slight and palpable typographical error, "'tis *prize* enough," in support of which Malone suggested that here 'prize' means privilege, as in the previous Act, p. 25, "It is war's prize to take all vantages"! But what can be plainer than that there 'prize' means, not war's right to take, but what it takes? Support for Malone's gloss has yet to be produced. The line, it will be seen, is adopted bodily from the old octavo version; and it is impossible to believe that Shakespeare,

Digitized by Google

in doing this, changed intentionally a word with a good and pertinent signification for one for which, in its present connection, no proper meaning can be found.

p. 30. "—— *do I see three suns?*" — This incident is recorded by the chroniclers.

" "—— with the *racking clouds*": — i. e., the clouds which are being blown into rack.

p. 33. "[*And very well appointed,*" &c.: — This line, which appears in the old octavo, and which is necessary to the continuity of the speech, is omitted in the folio, by accident, very plainly; as the whole speech, with the exception of two or three very trifling variations, is taken bodily from the old version.

" "—— I was *advertised*": — It should hardly be necessary to remark that 'advertised' is here a word of four syllables, accented on the second and fourth.

p. 35. "—— will we march [*amain*]": — The folio only omits 'amain,' and by manifest accident.

p. 36. "Why then *it sorts*": — i. e., it goes, accords, or agrees with our wishes.

Scene II.

p. 37. "—— had ever *bad success*": — i. e., bad consequences, the proper signification of the word. The common use of the word in the present day, to mean good fortune, accomplishment of wishes, prosperity, i. e., good success, is illogical and unwarranted. All through Elizabethan literature we have 'good success' and 'bad success.'

p. 38. "And this soft *courage*": — Monck Mason, for obvious reasons, proposed to read, 'soft *carriage*,' which correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But the old word must be retained, and seems clearly to be what the author intended. Not, however, because, as it has been suggested, courage was used formerly in the sense of heart, spirit, mind; for no instance of such a use of it has yet been discovered. In our early, our very earliest writers, it means heart, indeed; but heart *par excellence*, i. e., boldness of heart, fearlessness. But 'courage,' in the passage under consideration, means encouragement. As Dr. Richardson remarks, in his invaluable Dictionary, "*Courage*, the verb, is used in our old writers as we use *encourage*, and the noun as *encouragement*." See the instances quoted from Tyndall and the Bishop's Bible by Dr. Richardson *in v.* The *Queen* means to say that the

Digitized by Google

King's tame replies to her and to *Clifford* are poor encouragement to those who are fighting his battles.

p. 38. "*Darraign* your battle": — The old octavo has, "*Prepare* your battles." The word 'darraign,' used in the connection in which we here find it, is not uncommon in our early writers. Its etymology, and so its precise signification, is yet undetermined; but perhaps 'prepare,' 'bring about,' or 'bring to an issue,' would be its modern equivalent. See, —

"And this shall hap, that all the worlde may know it is the race
And yssue of a cursed Syre that *darraygnes* such a case."

Newton's trans. of Seneca's *Thebais*. 1581. fol. 46.

p. 39. "*Since when his oath*," &c.: — The speech from this line is assigned to *Clarence* in the old octavo, where it appears thus: —

"*George*. Since when he hath broke his oath,
For as we hear you that are king
Though he doe wear the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot *our brother* out and put his owne son in."

But Shakespeare, in revising the play, changed 'our brother' to 'me,' and thus it is clear that he meant these four lines to be a continuation of *Edward's* reply to *Queen Margaret*.

p. 41. "*Whoever got thee*," &c.: — This speech is assigned to *Warwick* in the folio, but to *Richard* in the octavo. That the latter is right the *Queen's* reply makes clear.

" "—— whence thou art *extraught*": — i. e., extracted. The old octavo has "*deriv'd*." In the next line '*detect*' is used in its radical sense, to uncover or expose.

" "*A wisp of straw*," &c.: — Scolds and strumpets were customarily decorated with a wisp of straw. As to '*callat*,' see Notes on *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. 3.

p. 42. "Since thou *deniest*," &c.: — Thus the octavo: the folio has, "Since thou *denied'st*," which, it may be safely assumed, is an error of the press.

SCENE III.

p. 44. "*Forslow* no longer": — i. e., delay no longer. The word occurs in several other writers of the time. It has always been printed, here, *fore*slow; but that spelling, which appears in the old copies, is a mere phonographic

Digitized by Google

irregularity. The word is not like 'foresee' or 'foretell,' but like 'forspent,' in the first line of this Scene, 'forbear,' 'forget,' &c.: and we should write *forgo*.

SCENE V.

p. 45. "—— the shepherd, *blowing of his nails*":—i. e., of course, his fingers, chilled in the keen air of the early dawn. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, *Song*:—

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail."

p. 46. "How many *hours*," &c.:—In this and in the following lines 'hours' is a dissyllable.

" "—— *days, months, and years*":—Rowe read, "days, *weeks*, months, and years," and in the line above, "So many *months* ere," &c., which latter correction was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 48. "*O boy, thy father gave thee life*," &c.:—In the octavo version, this very obscure passage appears thus:—

"*Poore* boy thy father gave thee life too *late*,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too *sone*."

This reading Hanmer adopted and Steevens preferred; but, although it seems at the first blush to dissipate some of the darkness that hangs over the passage, because there is a semblance of sense in the last line, yet what can the father mean by saying that he gave the son life too late? And why was the transposition made? The passage seems to be quite inexplicable. Warburton, who was the first to comment upon it, was of the opinion that, in the reading of the folio, "gave thee life too soon" meant, "because, had he been born later, he would not have been of years to engage in this quarrel," and that "bereft thee of thy life too late" meant, "he should have done it by not bringing thee into being." Henley, adopting the same view of the former phrase, explains the latter, "had the father recognized him before the fatal blow, it would not have been too late to have saved [to save] him from death." Malone and Steevens consider 'too late' to mean recently; and such may have been the sense in which it was used. There may be some readers to whom these explanations will be satisfactory: I am far from being sure that they would have been so to Shakespeare. And yet he may possibly have written the passage as it stands in the octavo, and have changed it to the reading of the folio. This I am the more inclined to believe since my discovery of the following line, in a speech of *Andromache* concerning *Hector*, in Heywood's

Digitized by Google

translation of Seneca's *Troas*, 1581, with which Shakespeare was familiar. See *Memoir*, Vol. I.

"O sonne begot to late for Troy, but borne too soone for me." Act III. fol. 108 b.

It is at least not improbable that the line in *The True Tragedy* was a reminiscence of this one, and that on the revision and rewriting of that play, the ineffectual change was made, hastily and without sufficient thought, in the hope of improving the passage.

p. 49. "*E'en* for the loss of thee": — The folio misprints, "*Men* for the loss," &c. The correction which appears in the text occurred independently to Mr. Dyce and the present editor; but both had been anticipated by Capell, who read, "*Even* for the loss," &c. Rowe read, "*Sad* for the loss," &c.; and Mr. Collier has, "*Man* for the loss," &c.

Scene VI.

p. 50. "[*The common people swarm*," &c.: — This line, plainly necessary to the introduction of the succeeding query, is omitted from the folio. Theobald restored it from the old octavo version, from which this speech is taken bodily. The presence of the superfluous line below, "They never, then, had sprung like summer flies," which appears only in the folio, I believe to be due to the accidental transposition of the line in the octavo, and its subsequent alteration by the players or the printers to fit it to its new place. Capell omitted it altogether, which was hardly justifiable.

p. 51. "*Whose soul is that*," &c.: — Thus the octavo, from which this passage is taken, distributes this and the three following lines. The folio gives from this line to "See who it is," inclusive, to *Richard*, an arrangement which, as it makes *Richard* ask who it is that groans, and give directions to see who it is, and comply with his own command and answer his own question, must be regarded as corrupt. Malone, Steevens, Mr. Singer, and Mr. Dyce follow the octavo, and Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier the folio. It is noteworthy that the octavo reads, "*his* heavy flight," the folio, "*her* heavy flight;" neither intending an impersonation, and both avoiding 'its.' See the Note on "it's folly," &c., *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 385.

p. 53. "So shalt thou *sinew*": — The folio prints this word *sinow*, a common spelling of old, a final *e* silent being frequently added. A correspondent pronunciation of the word still obtains in New England.

Digitized by Google

p. 53. "*For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous*": — "Alluding, perhaps," says Steevens, "to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock and Humphrey, Dukes of Gloster." Both were murdered.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 54. "*Enter Two Keepers*": — Thus the octavo. The folio has, "*Enter Sinklo and Humphrey.*" These were quite surely the names of the players who assumed these unimportant parts.

" "—— this *launde*": — The old form of 'lawn.'

p. 55. "—— *thee*, sour *adversity*": — The folio has, "the sower *Adversaries*," which Pope plausibly changed to "*these* sour *adversities*;" and this reading has hitherto been accepted. But Mr. Dyce has asked, (*Remarks*, &c.,) "Did not Shakespeare write, 'Let me embrace *thee*, sour *adversitie*'?" I have not a doubt that he did, because *King Henry* adds, "For wise men say that is the wisest course," which shows that he was quoting a maxim or well known opinion of general application.

p. 56. "Say, what art thou [*that*] talk'st": — 'That,' found in the octavo version, is omitted in the folio, accidentally, without a doubt.

SCENE II.

p. 58. "Sir *John* Grey": — The octavo and folio have, "Sir *Richard* Grey." Hall tells us that it was Sir John; but, nevertheless, the correction may not be fully warranted. It has held its place, however, since Pope's time. In the next line, the folio has, "this *land*," a misprint hardly worth notice.

p. 62. "To *whom*, my lord?" — The folio has, "To *who?*" &c.; the octavo, "To *whom?*" &c.

p. 63. "Lords, use her *honourably*": — The folio has, "use her *honourable*;" but as the octavo and the second folio have 'honourably,' and *Gloster*, in his sneering repetition of the phrase, says, 'honourably,' that must be the true reading.

SCENE III.

p. 70. "—— an *eternal* plant": — So the octavo: the folio has, "*external* plant" — a palpable misprint.

Digitized by Google

p. 71. "*Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick*": — The second folio completes this line by adding "*Peace!*" It is very probable that this restores the original text; but the mere lack of a syllable does not warrant an addition.

"*Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings*": — The reader will remember that these very epithets, which *Margaret* applies to *Warwick*, *Edward*, in a previous Scene, (Act II. Sc. 3,) addresses, with an immaterial variation, to the Deity. In the former case, the passage is from the old octavo version; in the latter, it is an addition to that version. It has been supposed that in the old version it is *Warwick* who in the first instance is thus designated; but how strange and unwarrantable this supposition is, the passage itself makes clear: —

"Lord Warwicke, I doe bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
Thou setter-vp and puller-downe of kings
vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie."

The construction, in spite of the comma at the end of the second line, is, "Vouchsafe, thou setter-up and puller-down of kings, a gentle victory," &c. It is noteworthy that in the passage in which the line appears in both versions it was altered on the revision — 'plucker' being substituted for 'puller;' but that in the present passage we have the line as originally written. In the latter case, it was probably at first an unconscious reminiscence, which was left undisturbed after it was perceived.

p. 72. "—— *th' abuse done to my niece*": — "Other affirm other causes [of Warwick's defection] and one speciallie, for that King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house which was much against the earles honestie (whether he would have defloured his daughter or his neece, the certainty was not for both their honours openlie revealed) for surelie such a thing was attempted by King Edward." Holinshed, p. 668, Ed. 1586.

p. 74. "I'll join mine *eldest* daughter": — Edward, in fact, married Anne, Warwick's *second* daughter.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

p. 75. "*Enter King Edward*," &c.: — Of the nine principal personages now upon the stage, it is directed in the folio with singular particularity that "*four stand on the one*

Digitized by Google

side and four on the other;" the *King*, of course, being in the middle.

p. 75. "*And shall have your will*":—Rowe read, "And *you* shall have," &c., and has been almost universally followed. But the pronoun is not necessary to the sense — on the contrary, it rather weakens the assertion; and the octavo version has, "And shall, because our king," &c.

p. 78. "—— *thy supposed King*":—The folio misprints, "*the* supposed king." See *Louis'* speech, Act III. Sc. 3, p. 73.

Scene II.

p. 81. "—— in the *towns* about":—Both versions have, "in the towne about." But in old MS. it is difficult to distinguish a final *e* from a final *s*; and see, in the next Scene, the second speech of the third *Watchman*, which is not in the old version.

Scene III.

p. 83. "—— when we parted [*last*]":—The folio omits 'last,' accidentally, without a doubt, as the word appears in the octavo version, from which the passage is taken bodily.

p. 84. "*I'll follow you*," &c.:—This verse is imperfect, and a word of one or two syllables has probably been lost. They are not necessary to the sense, however, and there is no justification or ground for the attempts which have been made to restore them.

Scene V.

p. 87. "—— and *ship* from thence":—The folio has, "and *shipt* from thence," which form should, perhaps, be retained, — the full reply being, 'we shall go to Lynn, and shall be shipped from thence to Flanders.' Rowe made the change.

Scene VI.

p. 89. "—— and goods [*be*] confiscate":—The folio reads, "*and Goods confiscate*;" the syllable which the rhythm requires Malone supplied. The second folio gives, "and goods confiscat*ed*," which not only requires the accent to be thrown upon the second syllable, but makes a word which Shakespeare never used. He always wrote, "confiscate," a form of the participle which he was inclined to prefer in all verbs that would admit of it.

Digitized by Google

Scene VIII.

p. 95. "*Enter King Henry . . . Exeter and Oxford*": — The folio has, with manifest error, "Oxford and *Somerset*."

" "*Let's levy men*," &c.: — Dr. Johnson remarked that this line expresses a warlike spirit unsuitable to the character of Henry; and Malone, for this reason, and because in the old version the second speech is given to *Oxford*, assigned this line to him — an arrangement very generally followed to this day. But this line does not appear in any form in the old version, where *Oxford's* speech is, —

> "'Tis best to look to this betimes
> For if this fire do kindle any further
> It will be hard for us to quench it out."

It will be seen that in the revised version, the second and third lines are made the basis of the two line speech assigned to *Clarence*, while for the first the line is substituted which is assigned to *King Henry*. And although it is so bellicose, and not improbably should be assigned to *Oxford* or some other lord, or made a part of *Clarence's* speech, under these circumstances the change would not be justifiable.

p. 97. "*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster*": — It was a part of King Edward's plan that his soldiers should shout, 'Long live King Henry!'

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 98. "By this at *Daintry*". — i. e., Daventry.

p. 99. "—— from the *deck*": — i. e., from the pack. The word was in use even in the last century. It has been supposed to be derived from the A. S. *decan* = to cover, because one card covers another — a fanciful and unsatisfactory etymology, in my judgment.

p. 100. "—— shall *'by* this treason": — The folio prints, "shall *buy* this treason," which spelling has been hitherto retained. But that *buy* merely represents the contracted form of 'aby' is shown by the corresponding line of the old version — "Shall deerly *abie* this rebellious act." This passage is not correspondent with "thou shalt buy this dear," *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2, where yet, with strange inconsistency, all editors, except Mr. Knight, read, "thou shalt *'by*," &c. See the Note on that passage, Vol. IV. p. 116, and on "thou aby it dear," *Ibid.*, p. 113.

Digitized by Google

p. 101. "—— *an* upright zeal": — The folio misprints, "*in* upright zeale."

" "*Taking the red rose*," &c.: — The folio has no stage direction here. The octavo has, "*Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers togither, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat and throwes it at Warwike.*"

SCENE II.

p. 104. "—— like a *clamour* in a vault": — The folio has, most absurdly, as a comparison for the last accents of a dying man, "a *cannon* in a vault," which, beside, very certainly *might* be distinguished; whereas a *clamour* in a vault "might not be distinguished," but would seem an indistinct murmur. These reasons would justify a correspondent conjectural emendation of the passage; which however is not needed, the line in the old version being, "Which sounded like a *clamor* in a vault," for which the folio reading is a mere error of the ear. The folio has, "that *mought* not be distinguished" — a form still in use in this country; for was not the lady who "pulled up her petticoats and waded" told that "seein' it was she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose, he mought go"? This form was so commonly used in Shakespeare's time that it might with propriety, perhaps, be retained in the text.

SCENE V.

p. 109. "—— or I will *charm* your tongue": — See the Note on "charm your tongues," *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 405.

p. 110. "*The* Tower, the Tower": — The folio accidentally omits the first article.

p. 111. "—— *where is that Devil's butcher?*" — The folio, superfluously, as regards both sense and rhythm, reads, "where is that divels butcher *Richard?*" That this is a mere accidental repetition, appears from the passage in the old version, from which this is taken bodily: —

> "Whears the Divels butcher hard favored Richard
> Richard where art thou?" &c.

SCENE VI.

p. 112. "*A Room in the Tower*": — The old version places this Scene "*in the Tower;*" the folio, "*on the Walles.*"

" "—— the *hapless male* to one sweet bird": — Monck

Digitized by Google

Mason remarked upon this passage, "The word *mate* is here used in a very uncommon sense, not for the mate of the female, but for the male parent: the sweet bird is evidently his son Prince Edward." The remark is almost equally applicable to the true reading, about which there can be no doubt, the folio having "Male" the octavo "Maile."

p. 112. "*Why, what a peevish fool,*" &c.: — This speech appears thus in the old octavo version: —

> "Why, what a foole was that of Crete?
> That taught his sonne the office
> Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
> Fowle was drownde."

The verse of the other parts of the Scene in the old version is measured and musical; but here we have no semblance of rhythm, and none of verse, except the capitals at the beginning of the lines. Yet the thought is exactly the same in both versions. The variation is clearly due, in a great measure, if not entirely, to accidental corruption of the original text; and therefore the passage is marked as common to both versions.

p. 113. "—— wives for their husbands' [*fate*]": — 'Fate,' at the end of this line, and '*And*,' at the beginning of the next, are not found in the first folio, but are supplied in the second. The lines here are irregular in the old version, and appear to have been carefully re-written on the revision; and the construction of the two preceding lines, to which these two parenthetical lines are plainly intended to conform, warrants the emendation.

" "The raven *rook'd* her": — In illustration of the meaning of this word, to squat, Mr. Collier quotes the following passage from *The Fardle of Fashions*, 1555: — "After a mooste comely sorte she rucketh downe upon the grounde, not muche unlike the sitting of our gentlewomen oftentimes here in England."

' "—— in dismal *discord* sung": — The folio has "*discords;*" but the old version, from which the passage is taken bodily, has "*discord;*" and Shakespeare would not needlessly be at the trouble to write, 'discords sung.'

' "*To wit, — an indigested and deformed* lump": — In the old version, "To wit: an *undigest created* lumpe;" and Mr. Dyce very plausibly conjectures that Shakespeare having expanded the latter clause into a complete verse, 'To wit' was accidentally retained in the folio, contrary to his intention.

Digitized by Google

SCENE VII.

p. 115. "—— threefold *renown'd*": — It is hardly worth while to notice the folio's misprint, "*renowne*."

" "—— *undoubted* champions": — i. e., unwavering, fearless champions.

p. 116. "—— and *that shall* execute": — The folio has, "and that *shalt* execute," — a trifling misprint, or perhaps the result of an imperfect correction of the passage in the old version, which has, "and *thou shalt* execute." "That" refers, of course, to *Richard's* shoulder: the preceding "thou" to his head.

" "*Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence,*" &c.: — The folio assigns this line to *Clarence*, with a new prefix, "*Cla.*," which is evidently a misprint of "*Qu.*;" for the line is assigned to her in the old version, and most appropriately, when *Clarence* kisses her son in token of reconciliation. Theobald restored it to her. In King Charles I.'s copy, however, his Majesty, in the plenary exercise of his royal prerogative, and in ignorance of the old version, changed *Cla.* to *King*, which Steevens discovering, that distribution was loyally adopted, and has hitherto been preserved, although in defiance of authority, and in opposition to the finer significance of the speech.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Digitized by Google

"THE TRAGEDY OF King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his iunocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. AT LONDON, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Chuch-yard, at the Signe of the Angell. 1597." 4to. 47 leaves.

The same, "By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." 4to. 47 leaves.

The same, "Newly augmented, By William Shakespeare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1602." 4to. 46 leaves.

The same, "London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthew Lawe, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe, near S. Austins gate, 1605." 4to. 46 leaves.

Richard the Third occupies thirty-two pages in the folio of 1623, viz.: from p. 173 to p. 204 inclusive, in the division of Histories.

Digitized by Google

KING RICHARD III.

INTRODUCTION.

SIR THOMAS MORE, Henry VIII.'s great Lord Chancellor, furnished Shakespeare with the materials of which this historical tragedy is built. More wrote a *History of King Richard the Third*, which, although he left it unfinished, was nearly complete enough for the world's purposes and Shakespeare's; for it relates the incidents of Richard's life and reign down to the period of the Duke of Buckingham's defection, after the murder of the Princes in the Tower. This history was copied and continued in his chronicle by Grafton, (who is supposed to have had access to More's sources of information,) and again by Hall and Holinshed in theirs; and so Shakespeare, going to the latter authors, as his custom was when he had a historical play in hand, found in their pages an almost contemporary sketch of the events and personages which he embodied in this most vigorous and vivid dramatic picture of the character and the career of the last of the Plantagenets. He adhered closely to his authority; and except in the composition, the light and shade, the color, and the spirit of his work, — in a word, all that which makes it a work of art instead of a record of facts, — we have in Shakespeare's play a faithful copy of Sir Thomas More's carefully limned portrait of Richard.

This fact directly touches the question so much discussed, whether the humpbacked tyrant and red-handed usurper of the play is a fair representation of the Richard of history. For if wrong has been done in this matter, it is of Sir Thomas More's and not of Shakespeare's doing. Shakespeare took the Richard that he found in chronicle and in tradition: it was not for him to seek farther than was written, or to know more than was reported. But had he searched for evidence and weighed it carefully, it is difficult to believe that he would have discov-

Digitized by Google

ered any reasons for making essential change in the *character* of his hero; and as to a murder, more or less, what was that to his purpose, or what is it to ours? Surely before the Boswellism of these latter days there was never biography more worthy of belief than the royal one written by that under-sheriff of London. Richard ascended the throne, and the two Princes were murdered in 1483: More was born in London in 1480, and wrote this biography about 1513, when Dighton, one of the murderers of those poor boys, was yet alive. "Dighton," he says, speaking of the fate of those concerned in the murder, "yet walketh on alive, in good possibility to be hanged ere he die." The Lord Chancellor to be was the son of a judge that was, of the King's Bench, — the bench from which Richard had just been ousted, the King's who had just ousted him, — and he was brought up in the household of the *Bishop of Ely* of this play, — that Morton who is "fled to Richmond," and who had his reward in the Archbishopric of Canterbury. He had seen Jane Shore,— her very self, though ancient, decrepit, and forlorn. Better opportunity than More's to know the truth about Richard there could not be; unless, indeed, he had been of that king's own household, instead of his chief and chiefly trusted ecclesiastical supporter's; and even then caution might have concealed that from him, Richard living, which, Richard dead, tradition truly told him. Add to this his monumental probity, his goodness of disposition, his penetration, his professional training as a sifter of evidence, and the calm, impartial tone of his narrative, and there can hardly be conceived a higher degree of credibility than that which attaches to his work. And besides all this, it was received, not only without protest, but without doubt, and was adopted by Grafton and Hall, who both lived near enough to Richard's time to know if any ground of doubt existed, and the latter of whom was a man of character and position, as well as ability. Notable unanimity of opinion with regard to Richard among all whom he left behind him forbids us to believe that More wrote with malice, or prejudice, or even carelessness. Such universal condemnation of one man, and he a king, is not told of in history. It was a living force in Shakespeare's time, and is to be traced even in the title pages of the early quarto editions of this play. For Shakespeare did not write those; and the crafty bookseller

Digitized by Google

knew his public and its feeling towards Richard III., when he enumerated "his treacherous plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephews: his tyranicall usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life and most deserved death." Crafty booksellers did not, unless trade habits have much changed, thus waste type, to say nothing of rhetoric purchased at cost of sack, if not of coin, in making title pages without interest, and that of approving sort, to those to whom they hoped to vend their wares; and the nine editions that have survived of this separate play — three published after the appearance of the folio — are witnesses of the approval with which it was read, as well as seen, by Shakespeare's contemporaries. Gentle and simple, they were well content with the Richard that he gave them; and they knew more on that subject without study than we can with it. Modern days have produced some apologists for Richard, who urge that his laws were wise and his rule sagacious and beneficent; but, unless we let an English horizon bound our view, we need not History's aid to see a cold-hearted and remorseless usurper gain a throne by perjury and blood, and tyrannize with such subtle and far-seeing prudence that all the world looks on in wonder. What a barrier is that English Channel! across which some ideas are so long — more than three hundred and seventy-five years — in passing, that it has to this day made it possible for all men to see an open refutation of the only semblance of an argument brought against the characteristic truth of Shakespeare's crook-backed tyrant.

The chronicles are the only source of this play. The events of Richard III.'s reign had been dramatized before Shakespeare's day, it is true, in a work which, though not less poor in expression and clumsy in construction than the old *Troublesome Raigne of King John*, must, like that, be regarded as a genuine historical play.* But Shakespeare was in no manner indebted to this

* "The True Tragedie of Richard the third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the coniunction and ioining of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore. 1594."

Digitized by Google

drama, except, perhaps, for the hint for Richard's cry, "A horse, a horse!" &c., and the appearance of ghosts, instead of Holinshed's devils, before the battle.

As to the date when *Richard the Third* was written, we only know that it must have been between the time of the transmutation of *The True Tragedy* into the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth* and 1597, — most probably in 1593 or early in 1594.

The text of *Richard the Third* is very corrupt in all the old editions. That of the folio is more than usually marred by errors of the press, and is, besides, without some brief passages of interest which appear in the quartos. On the other hand, that of the quartos, even in its best form, — the earliest, — is so badly printed as to be remarkable in this respect among the badly printed dramas of its period; and this in its turn omits several important passages — one of more than fifty lines — which are found in the folio. The repetition of certain errors peculiar to the quarto of 1602 shows that the text of the folio was printed from a copy of that edition; but the important additions to and corrections of its text are undeniable evidence that the copy in question had been subjected to carefullest revision at the hands (it seems to me beyond a doubt) of Shakespeare himself, by which it gained much smoothness and correctness, and lost no strength. In minute beauties of rhythm, in choice of epithets, and in the avoidance of bald repetition, (a fault unusually frequent in the quarto text,) the play was greatly improved by this revision; and while some of the passages found in the folio and not in the quartos may have been omitted from the MS. from which the latter was printed, for the sake of abbreviating so long a drama, many of them are evidently from the perfecting hand of the author in the maturity of his powers. This being the case, the faults, whether of omission or of commission, in the folio text must be assumed as accidental only; and its authority, although impaired in minute matters, must be maintained — say, rather, maintains itself. It furnishes the true text, and the best; though we are fortunate in having the quartos, especially that of 1597, to depend upon when the folio is corrupt. Every variation between the old texts which modifies the sense however slightly, or gives the faintest difference of tone to expression, is recorded in the Notes, with comment when it seemed desirable, and often with full quotation,

Digitized by Google

that the reader may use his own judgment. A notice of every difference would have cumbered these pages with trifles laboriously obtained, and entirely worthless, except, perhaps, for the gratification of that feeble and anile semblance of intellectual activity — bibliomaniac curiosity.

The events represented in this play occurred during a period of about thirteen or fourteen years: from soon after the battle of Tewksbury, 1471, to that of Bosworth field, 1485.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Edward the Fourth.
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* King Edward V., } *Sons to*
Richard, *Duke of* York, } *the* King.
George, *Duke of* Clarence,
Richard, *Duke of* Gloster, *afterwards* King Richard III., } *Brothers to the* King.
A young Son of Clarence.
Henry, *Earl of* Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.
Cardinal Bouchier, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
Thomas Rotherham, *Archbishop of* York.
John Morton, *Bishop of* Ely.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk: Earl of Surrey, *his Son.*
Earl Rivers, *Brother to* King Edward's *Queen.*
Marquess of Dorset, *and* Lord Grey, *her Sons.*
Earl of Oxford.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stanley.
Lord Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Sir Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Catesby.
Sir James Tyrrel.
Sir James Blount.
Sir Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Christopher Urswick, *a Priest.* Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire. A Keeper in the Tower.

Elizabeth, *Queen to* King Edward IV.
Margaret, *Widow of* King Henry VI.
Duchess of York, *Mother to* King Edward IV., Clarence, *and* Gloster.
Lady Anne, *Widow of* Edward, *Prince of* Wales.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, *and other* Attendants; *two* Gentlemen, *a* Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: England.

Digitized by Google

THE TRAGEDY OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD,

WITH THE LANDING OF EARL RICHMOND, AND THE BATTLE AT BOSWORTH FIELD.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER.

GLOSTER.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,

Digitized by Google

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murtherer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your Grace?

Clarence. His Majesty,
Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to th' Tower.

Digitized by Google

Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O, belike his Majesty hath some intent
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; but I protest,
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women!
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower:
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no man secure,
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,

Digitized by Google

If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brakenbury. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say.
We speak no treason, man: we say the King
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble Queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous: —
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave. Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me; and withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey. —

Digitized by Google

Brother, farewell: I will unto the King;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce: farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *and* Guard.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain.
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagles should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Digitized by Google

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home:—
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to Heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father!
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Street.

Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, *borne in an open coffin*, Gentlemen *bearing halberds to guard it; and* Lady ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster. —
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes: —
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him

Digitized by Google

Than I am made by my young lord and thee! —
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[*The* Bearers *take up the corpse and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 *Gentleman.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The* Bearers *set down the coffin.*

Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the Devil. —
Avaunt, thy dreadful minister of Hell!
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy Earth thy Hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries. —

Digitized by Google

O gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh! —
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural. —
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or, Earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O, wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful when angels are so angry. —
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Digitized by Google

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That did'st unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou li'st: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murth'rous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once did'st bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
Did'st thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Do'st grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glo. The better for the King of Heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in Heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than Earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but Hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it
Anne. Some dungeon.

Digitized by Google

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. — But, gentle Lady Anne, —
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method; —
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Digitized by Google

Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [*she spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;
No, when my father York, and Edward, wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

Digitized by Google

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;—
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then, never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Digitized by Google

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
[*Anne.* To take, is not to give.]
[*She puts on the ring.*
Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-House,
Where, (after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey Monast'ry, this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,)
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent. —
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt* Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, *and* BERKLEY.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt the rest, with the corpse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

Digitized by Google

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, —
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal, —
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'llous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love. —
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit*

Digitized by Google

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, *and* Lord GREY.

Rivers. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen Elizabeth. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The Heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buckingham. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace.

Stanley. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,

Digitized by Google

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers,
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope: his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, Madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! — But that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the height

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it. —
Who is it that complains unto the King
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Digitized by Google

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong? —
Or thee? — or thee? — or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His Royal Grace, —
Whom God preserve better than you would wish! —
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The King, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else, —
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that he may learn the ground
[Of your ill-will, and so remove it.]

Glo. I cannot tell; — the world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Gloster:
You envy my advancement, and my friends'.
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that I have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means;
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions

Digitized by Google

Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Q. Eliz. By him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for —
Glo. She may, Lord Rivers, — why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert:
What may she not? She may, — ay, marry, may she, —
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By Heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country serving-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition —
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind, where she remains.*

Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

Digitized by Google

Queen Margaret. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
[Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said]
I will avouch, in presence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well.
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the House of Lancaster; —
And, Rivers, so were you: — was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murth'rous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself, — which Jesu pardon! —
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;

Digitized by Google

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to Hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be? — I had rather be a pedler.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's King, —
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. And little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. — [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not that I am Queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels? —
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me, —

Digitized by Google

And thou, a kingdom; — all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland; —
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorset. No man but prophesi'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter Heaven? —
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses! —
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murther, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's death;

Digitized by Google

And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of Nature and the son of Hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested ——

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Digitized by Google

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in — Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you; you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, Master Marquess! you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry: — learn it, learn it, Marquess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Digitized by Google

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:
Our eyry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade, — alas! alas! —
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your eyry buildeth in our eyry's nest. —
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now, fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, Death, and Hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Digitized by Google

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess. —
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains; —
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
[*Aside.*] For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you, —
And for your Grace, and you, my noble lords.

Digitized by Google

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come. — Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them 'tis the Queen and her allies,
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil.
But soft! here come my executioners. —

Enter Two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 *Murderer.* We are, my lord: and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

[*Gives the warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead,
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Digitized by Google

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears:
I like you, lads; — about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE *and* Keeper.

Keeper. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days, —
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me (that thought to stay him) over-board

Digitized by Google

Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who spake aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—

Digitized by Google

"Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence, —
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury; —
Seize on him, Furies! take him unto torment!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in Hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Keep. No marvel, Lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, Keeper, Keeper! I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me! —
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children! —
Keeper, I pr'ythee sit by me a while;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keep. I will, my lord: God give your Grace good rest! —

CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair, and sleeps; then enter* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Digitized by Google

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief?

2 *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. — Let him see our commission; and talk no more.

[*A paper delivered to* BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands: —
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the King, and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well. [*Exeunt* BRAKENBURY *and* Keeper.

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou had'st been resolute.

Digitized by Google

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope this passionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How do'st thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* ['Faith,] some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* O, in the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go: there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detects him; 'tis a blushing, shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

Digitized by Google

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O, excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No; we'll reason with him.

Clar. [*Waking.*] Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to ——

Clar. To murther me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

Digitized by Google

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
[By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,]
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murther: will you, then,
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murther too.
Thou did'st receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the House of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Did'st break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sov'reign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Digitized by Google

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murther me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the Devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd; your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no: he loves me, and he holds me dear
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
[And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,]
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

Digitized by Google

1 *Murd.* Right; as snow in harvest. — Come, you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this Earth's thraldom to the joys of Heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God by murth'ring me? —
O sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish! —
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!

Digitized by Google

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder!

Enter First Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By Heaven, the Duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, *led in sick*, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

KING EDWARD.

WHY, so:—now have I done a good day's work.—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part for Heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Digitized by Google

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By Heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt from this, —
Nor you, son Dorset, — Buckingham, nor you; —
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings: — I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him, — Hastings, love Lord Marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, [*to the* Queen,] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

Digitized by Google

With hate in those where I expect most love.
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me. This do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time,
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and the Duke.

Enter GLOSTER *and* RATCLIFFE.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign King and Queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day. —
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord. —
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —
First, Madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service; —
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

Digitized by Google

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us; —
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me; —
Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of you; —
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; — indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter: —
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded. —
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Digitized by Google

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;

Digitized by Google

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. — The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life. —
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me and you, and mine and yours, for this! —
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. —
Ah, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness. — Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the King:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your Grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter the Duchess *of* YORK, *with a* Son *and* Daughter *of* CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duchess. No, boy.

Daughter. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast,
And cry — "O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,

Digitized by Google

And call us — orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death:
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead?
The King mine uncle is to blame for it:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you well.
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *distractedly, with her hair dishevelled;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,

Digitized by Google

To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our King, is dead!—
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images;
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan)
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints.

Digitized by Google

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward!

Children. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord, Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs:
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas, you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse;
And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Digitized by Google

Of the young Prince your son: send straight for him:
Let him be crown'd: in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them. —
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your Grace. — Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen; [*aside.*] and make me die a good old man! —
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swol'n hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude.

Digitized by Google

The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by such company might be urg'd:
Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, — and you, my sister, — will you go
To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! — My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene III.

The Same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 *Citizen.* Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself. Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r Lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;

Digitized by Google

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel: then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster;
And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come; we fear the worst: all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, *the young* Duke *of* YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, *and the* Duchess *of* YORK.

Archbishop. Last night I heard they lay at Stony-Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To-morrow or next day they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace."
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.

Digitized by Google

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast.
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good Madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Messenger. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince?

Mess. Well, Madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty Dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Digitized by Google

Arch. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house.
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and aweless throne: —
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: — O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on death no more!
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary. —
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go,
[*To the* Queen.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours.
Go; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

SCENE I. — London. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince *of* WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, *and others.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WELCOME, sweet Prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Digitized by Google

Enter the Lord Mayor *and his Train.*

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all. —

I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What! will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! — Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Cardinal. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God [in Heaven] forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin

Digitized by Google

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once. —
Come on, Lord Hastings; will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. — [*Exeunt* Cardinal *and* HASTINGS.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it think'st best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place. —
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

Digitized by Google

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long. [*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of his conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life. —
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Digitized by Google

Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk. —
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me. —
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

Digitized by Google

He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector [needs] will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A sennet.* *Exeunt* Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal, *and* Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O, 'tis a parlous boy!
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. — Come hither, Catesby
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way: —
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William, Lord Hastings, of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Digitized by Google

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well, then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou do'st find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go; effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-House, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Digitized by Google

Glo. Chop off his head, man; — something we will determine.
And, look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, was possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Same. Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord! my lord! — [*Knocking.*
Hast. [*Within.*] — Who knocks?
Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,

Digitized by Google

And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go; return unto thy lord.
Bid him not fear the separated council:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance:
And for his dreams — I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward

Digitized by Google

Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news, —
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The Princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow: — good morrow, Catesby. —
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Digitized by Google

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast:
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They for their truth might better wear their heads
Than some that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow. [*Exeunt* STAN. *and* CATESBY.
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?
Pursuivant. The better, that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Digitized by Google

Purs. God hold it to your honour's good con tent.

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.
[*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit* Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a* Guard, *conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the Prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaughan. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Ratcliff. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfi'd, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spill'd!

Rat. Make haste: the hour of death is expirate.

Digitized by Google

Riv. Come, Grey, — come, Vaughan; — let us here embrace:
Farewell until we meet again in Heaven. [*Exeunt*

Scene IV.

London. A Room in the Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, *the* Bishop *of* Ely, Catesby, Lovel, *and others, sitting at a table;* Officers of the Council *attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, — when is this royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for the royal time?
Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine. —
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my honourable lords, may name the time;

Digitized by Google

And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
I mean your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* ELY

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while; I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Digitized by Google

Enter Bishop *of* Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft? and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord, —

Glo. If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Digitized by Google

Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs'?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt* Council, *with* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O, momentary grace of mortal men!
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lovel. Come, come, dispatch: 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee

Digitized by Google

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. The Tower Walls.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what! is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Lord Mayor, —

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent, —

Glo. Look back, defend thee: here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Digitized by Google

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, —
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife, —
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd. —
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murther me and my good Lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore;

Digitized by Google

Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signifi'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your Grace's words shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart,

Digitized by Google

Without control lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*to* CAT.] to Friar Penker:—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATESBY.

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scrivener. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.
The precedent was full as long a doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER *at one door, and* BUCKINGHAM *at another.*

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

Digitized by Google

And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good,
Cry — 'God save Richard, England's Royal King!

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence.
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again: —
"Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd;"
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few, —
"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause and cheerful shout

Digitized by Google

Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:"
And even here brake off and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
Will not the Mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads! the Lord Mayor knocks. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal. —

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke:
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,

Digitized by Google

No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.
[*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this Prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof;
But sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again. —

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him:
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his Grace.
[*Exit* CATESBY
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Digitized by Google

Enter GLOSTER, *in a gallery above, between two* Bishops. CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornament to know a holy man. —
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right-Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology,
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your Grace
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,

Digitized by Google

Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as Protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, — you might haply think
Tongue-ti'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me:
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,

Digitized by Google

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, were there need;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy, —
Your mother lives a witness to his vow, —
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,

Digitized by Google

Save that for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates, —
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you. —
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM; *the* Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens *retiring.*

Cate. Call him again, sweet Prince; accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Digitized by Google

Call them again: [CATESBY *goes to the* Mayor, *&c., and then exit.*] I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul. —

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY; *the* Mayor, *&c., come forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your Grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title, —
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.
[*To the* Bishops.
Farewell, my cousin: — farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt*

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess *of* YORK, *and* Marquess *of* DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE Duchess *of* GLOSTER, *leading* Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's *young* Daughter.

DUCHESS.

WHO meets us here? — my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes. —
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister: whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:
And in good time here the Lieutenant comes. —

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear Madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them:
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Digitized by Google

Q. Eliz. The King! who's that?
Brak. I mean the Lord Protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, Madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens. —
Come, Madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the* Duchess *of* GLOSTER.
There to be crowned Richard's royal Queen.
Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer: — mother, how fares your Grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone!
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels:
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of Hell.

Digitized by Google

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse, —
Nor mother, wife, nor England's 'counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam. —
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O, ill-dispersing wind of misery! —
O, my accursed womb! the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go. —
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die ere men can say, God save the Queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No why? — When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which, then, I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish, — "Be thou," quoth I, "accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

Digitized by Google

And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! — [*To* DORSET.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee! [*To* ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To* Queen ELIZABETH.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower. —

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A sennet. Enter RICHARD, *crowned, and in state*; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and others.*

King Richard. Stand all apart. — Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

[RICHARD *ascends the throne. The trumpets sound.*

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated: —
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and forever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed! —
Young Edward lives. — Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O, bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live, — true, noble Prince! —
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull: —
Shall I be plain? — I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly: be brief.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve you herein presently.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Cate. [*Aside.*] The King is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools

[*Descends from his throne.*

And unrespective boys: none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy! —

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither, boy. —

[*Exit* Page.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for breath? — well, be it so. —

Digitized by Google

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—
[*Exit* CATESBY
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murther her brothers, and then marry her?
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyrrel. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token. — Rise, and lend thine ear.
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: — say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: — well look unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, — Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be King,

Digitized by Google

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king! — perhaps —
[*Buck.* My lord, —
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom, —
K. Rich. Richmond! — When last I was at Exeter,
The Mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it — Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord, —
K. Rich. Ay; what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.]
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein. [*Exeunt* King RICHARD *and Train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

Scene III.

The Same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthful butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
"O, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the Devil" — there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on, — "We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. — All health, my sovereign lord.

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Digitized by Google

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But did'st thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Betagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord!—

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

Digitized by Google

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come; I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.
Go, muster men; my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?
[*Retiring.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the* Duchess *of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Digitized by Google

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
[*Coming forward.*
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
[Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—]
I had an Edward till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband till a Richard kill'd him:

Digitized by Google

Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too; thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves. —
O, upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with other's moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, Hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,

Digitized by Google

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, Hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence. —
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,
That I may live and say, The dog is dead.

Q. Eliz. O, thou did'st prophesy the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd o' high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says — God save the Queen?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

Digitized by Google

And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and Queen of sad mischance:
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou, well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit* Queen MARGARET.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they will impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ti'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*A trumpet heard.*
The trumpet sounds: be copious in exclaims.

Digitized by Google

Enter King RICHARD *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence,
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on Earth to make the Earth my Hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me:
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name
That ever grac'd me with thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your Grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam. —
Strike up the drum!

Duch. I pr'ythee hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse;
Which in the day of battle tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st.
My prayers on the adverse party fight;

Digitized by Google

And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must talk a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny

Digitized by Google

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murth'rous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of Heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this Earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;

Digitized by Google

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
So from thy soul's love did'st thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her Queen: who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her — as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood —

Digitized by Google

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam: this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then, indeed, she cannot choose but love thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look; what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent:
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother:
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

Digitized by Google

The loss you have is but a son, being King,
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The King that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victoress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,

Digitized by Google

That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her the King, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. — That at her hands which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as Hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead; —
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown, —

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. — I swear —

Q. Eliz. — By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then by myself, —

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world, —

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death, —

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why, then, by God, —

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity the King my husband made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Digitized by Google

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age:
The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with dear heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempts thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. — Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [*Kissing her. Exit* Q. ELIZ.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
How now! what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk: —

Ratcliff, thyself, — or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury:

When thou com'st thither, — Dull, unmindful villain,
[*To* CATESBY.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Digitized by Google

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby. — Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there before I go.

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd. — Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad?
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver'd runagate! — What doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

Digitized by Google

Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's King but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me. What do they in the North,
When they should serve their sovereign in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King.
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends and meet your Grace
Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men: but leave behind

Digitized by Google

Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* STANLEY.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mess.* The news I have to tell your Majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquess Dorset,

Digitized by Google

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness, —
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost. —
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury: the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord STANLEY'S House.

Enter STANLEY *and* Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me: —
That, in the sty of the most deadly boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:

Digitized by Google

If I revolt, off goes young George's head:
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christopher. At Pembroke, or at Hertford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Salisbury. The Market-place.

Enter the Sheriff, *and* Guard, *with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sheriff. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,

Digitized by Google

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction! —
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

Sher. It is.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's dooms-day,
This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies:
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck: —
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess." —
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* Officers

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

A Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, Richmond, Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, *and others, with* Forces *marching.*

Richmond. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, — this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxford. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herbert. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Digitized by Google

Richm. All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march.
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD *and* Forces; *the* Duke *of* NORFOLK, Earl *of* SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field. —
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Surrey. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk, —
Norfolk. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night; —
[Soldiers *begin to set up the* King's *tent.*
But where to-morrow? — Well, all's one for that. —
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent! — Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground. —
Call for some men of sound direction. —

Digitized by Google

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, Sir JAMES BLUNT, OXFORD, *and other* Officers. *Some of the* Soldiers *pitch* RICHMOND'S *tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. —
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard. —
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, — you, Sir William Brandon, —
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent: —
Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd? do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile, at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it:
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Digitized by Google

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business!
In to my tent; the dew is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper time, my lord
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. —
Give me some ink and paper. —
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.
Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cate. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Fill me a bowl of wine. — Give me a watch:
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. —
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff! —
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Digitized by Google

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[King RICHARD *retires into his tent. Exit* RATCLIFF.

RICHMOND'S *Tent opens, and discovers him and his* Officers, *&c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may (that which I would I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Digitized by Google

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more adieu. — Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I'll strive, troubled with noise, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Lords, *&c.*, *with* STANLEY.
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, *son to* HENRY the Sixth, *appears between the two Tents.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die! —
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Digitized by Google

The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth *appears.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of [deadly] holes.
Think on the Tower and me: despair and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—
[*To* RICHM.] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesi'd thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE *appears.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair and die!
[*To* RICHM.] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *appear.*

Riv. [*To* K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!—
Rivers, that di'd at Pomfret. Despair and die!
Grey. [*To* K. RICH.] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
Vaugh. [*To* K. RICH.] Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance! Despair and die!—

Digitized by Google

All. [*To* RICHM.] Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him. — Awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS *appears.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
And in a bloody battle end thy days.
Think on Lord Hastings. Despair and die. —
[*To* RICHM.] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

The Ghosts of the two young Princes *appear.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die! —
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live and beget a happy race of Kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE *appears.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair and die! —
[*To* RICHM.] Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory:
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Digitized by Google

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *appears.*

Ghost. [*To* K. RICH.] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath! —
[*To* RICHM.] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride!

[*The Ghosts vanish.* King RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse! — bind up my wounds! —
Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft! I did but dream. —
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! —
The lights burn blue. — It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murtherer here? No: — yes; I am:
Then fly. — What, from myself? Great reason why, —
Lest I revenge. What! myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: — Fool, do not flatter
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,

Digitized by Google

And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, [perjury,] in the high'st degree;
Murther, stern murther, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to th' bar, crying all, — Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. — There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me: —
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord, —
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
[*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream. —
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.]
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear, —
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt* King RICHARD *and* RATCLIFF.

Digitized by Google

Enter OXFORD *and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. [*Waking.*] Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory!
I promise you my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then, 'tis time to arm, and give direction. — [*He advances to the* Troops
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this, —
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd.
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil

Digitized by Google

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, *and* Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.
[*Clock strikes.*
Tell the clock there. — Give me a calendar. —
Who saw the sun to-day?

Digitized by Google

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the East an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody. —
Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day:
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same Heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. — Caparison my horse. —
Call up Lord Stanley; bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn [out all] in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst.
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest Horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! — What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign. —
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll*

Digitized by Google

K. Rich. [Reads.] "*Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold.*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
A thing devised by the enemy. —
Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
For conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to Heaven, then hand in hand to Hell. —
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal; —
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost;
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? — Hark! I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off*

Digitized by Google

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! —

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK *and* Forces; *to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Digitized by Google

Cate. Withdraw, my lord: I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him. —
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND, *fighting; and exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the Crown, with divers other* Lords, *and* Forces.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, [enjoy it,] and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all! —
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose and the Red: —
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity! —

Digitized by Google

What traitor hears me and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster.
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal House,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say Amen!

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

NOTES ON KING RICHARD III

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 141. "—— this *sun of York*": — The cognizance of Edward IV. was a sun radiant, in memory of the celestial phenomenon which appeared on the morning of the battle of Mortimer's Cross. See "Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?" 3 *Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 1. The old copies have "*son*" or "*sonne*," and a pun may possibly have been intended, — as in Cranmer's *Confutation*, &c., 1582, p. 23, "— except he be lightened with the sonne of righteousnesse."

" "—— *barbed* steeds": — More correctly 'barded;' — i. e., steeds in military caparison; from the low Latin *bardatus*. It may not be superfluous to remark, that this word has no relation with 'barb,' which is a mere abbreviation of 'Barbary.'

p. 142. "Cheated of *feature*": — i. e., of personal attraction. See Note on "He is complete of feature," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 4, Vol. II. p. 186.

/ "Unless to *see* my shadow": — The quartos have, "to *spy* my shadow," which implies intentional observation, the idea of which is not conveyed by the reading of the folio. The change could hardly have been accidental; but as it is consistent with *Richard's* character that he should find it a bitter delight to pass away his time in spying out his own deformity, and goading himself on in his remorseless course by comparison of his personal defects with others' perfections, it is possible that 'spy' was changed to 'see' in the acting copy, by some 'bookholder' (i. e., prompter) or actor.

p. 143. "That *tempers* him to this extremity": — Thus the quarto of 1597. The folio has, "That *tempts* him to this *harsh* extremity." Either reading affords a good sense; and under ordinary circumstances, that of the folio should

Digitized by Google

be accepted without question. But, as Malone remarked, the second quarto — that of 1598 — has, by the slight misprint of two letters, "That *tempts* him to this extremity." When this line came to be printed in the quarto of 1602, (a copy of which was probably used for stage purposes, and from which stage copy the folio was printed,) the misprint was copied, and the deficient foot was supplied by adding 'harsh.' The reading of the folio seems clearly therefore the result of accident and neglect.

p. 143. "—— for *his* delivery": — The folio misprints, "*her* delivery."

p. 144. "—— the Queen's *abjects*": — So, "To worke miracles maketh not a man one whit more holy, seeing that it is also common to euil men and abjects." Cranmer's *Confutation*, &c., 1582, p. 53.

p. 145. "—— or else *lie* for you" — i. e., lie in prison.

" "—— buzzards *prey* at liberty": — The folio only has, "*play* at liberty," which is plainly a misprint.

p. 146. "Now, by Saint *Paul*": — Thus the quartos: the folio, "by Saint *John*." *Richard's* constant oath was, 'by Saint Paul;' and the many imperfections of the folio in this play diminish its authority, and permit, if they do not warrant, such deviations from its text as the present.

" "*Where is he?* in his bed?" — The quartos have, "*What*, is he in his bed?"

Scene II.

p. 147. "—— *obsequiously* lament": — i. e., as at obsequies. So, "My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell; and so obsequious shall thy father be," &c., 3 *Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 5.

" "Poor *key-cold* figure": — 'As cold as a key' was a common comparison of old, when keys were enormous engines, and were used, as ice is now, to stop bleeding at the nose.

" "—— that made these *wounds*": — The quartos have, "these *holes*," an expression repeated just below.

" "—— to *wolves, to* spiders, toads": — Thus the folio The quartos have, "to *adders*, spiders, toads," which has been adopted in all modern editions hitherto, generally without notice, but sometimes with the remark that the folio has 'wolves' for 'adders,' and that the next line shows that the quartos give the true reading, because

Digitized by Google

wolves are not "creeping things." If the folio had merely 'wolves' for 'adders' this reasoning would be good, if not conclusive; but it has, "to *wolves, to* spiders, toads, or any creeping venom'd thing," &c., where the repetition of the preposition cuts off the connection which would otherwise exist between "wolves" and "creeping venom'd thing," which refers only to spiders and toads. The change seems clearly to have been made, upon the revision of the play, for the purpose of giving the passage variety of thought and rhythm.

p. 148. "—— *stand* thou": — The folio misprints, "*stand'st* thou."

p. 149. "—— and *bleed afresh*": — The superstitious belief that the wounds of a murdered person would bleed afresh at the presence of the murderer, had not quite died out in Shakespeare's time. It is recorded in the chronicles that this actually took place on the occasion which is made the ground of this Scene. The reader will remember the fine use which Scott has made of the superstition in *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

" "Of these supposed *crimes*": — So the folio: the quartos, for "crimes," have "evils," which reading has been adopted in all modern editions except Mr. Knight's, (who gives no reason for his adherence to the folio,) on the ground that *Anne*, in her antithetical reply, repeats 'evils.' But if, in the former instance, 'evils' were the original word, the change was evidently made with intention, and is a great improvement; for it opposes *known evils* to *supposed crimes*; and the evils which *Anne* actually suffered, and for which she claims the right to curse, were the direct consequence of crimes which *Richard* calls 'supposed.' By the change, too, Shakespeare freed the line of a superfluous and harmful syllable in a part of the verse in which he solicitously avoided irregularity.

" "—— *diffus'd* infection of a man": — This is the reading of all editions; and '*diffus'd*' has hitherto been accepted without question, and explained as meaning strange, uncouth; because it was used to mean confused, (see Notes on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 4, p. 322, and *Henry V.*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 145;) but although I am not prepared positively to dissent from this acceptation, I suspect that '*defuf'd*,' as the word appears in the old copies, is a misprint for an epithet antithetical to 'divine' in *Richard's* speech. If '*deprav'd* infection of a man' had been found in any old copy, I think that it would have been adopted without question.

Digitized by Google

p. 150. "The *better* for the King of Heaven," &c.: — Thus the folio. The quartos have, "The *fitter*," &c., which is almost universally retained, because *Gloster* uses it immediately afterward in exactly the same manner — the very reason why ('better' suiting the present passage at least equally well) he should not use it here.

p. 151. "So I might *live*": — The quartos, "might *rest*."

p. 152. "—— sweet *smoothing word*": — The quartos have, "*soothing words*;" for which, possibly, the text of the folio here given is a misprint. But in the next Scene, *Richard* uses the verb 'to smooth' in a like sense.

p. 153. "*Nay, do not pause*," &c.: — In the quartos this passage appears thus: —

> "Nay, do not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,
> But twas thy beautie that provoked mee:
> Nay now dispatch; twas I that kild king Henry,
> But twas thy heavenly face that set me on."

p. 154. "[*Anne. To take*," &c.: — There is confusion in the folio here. *Gloster's* previous speech, "Vouchsafe to wear this ring," is made a part of *Anne's* preceding speech; and this in brackets is omitted. The quartos enable us to restore the true text.

"—— thy poor devoted *servant*": — The quartos, "devoted *suppliant*."

" "—— *to Crosby-House*": — The quartos, "to Crosby-*place*."

p. 155. "The bleeding witness of *my* hatred by": — The quartos have, "*her* hatred," and are followed by nearly all modern editors, because, just before, *Gloster* speaks of "her hate." But, aside from all question of authority, *King Henry's* bleeding corpse was no witness to *Anne's* hatred: it bled in witness of *Richard's*. See the Note in the early part of this Scene on "and bleed afresh."

" "—— a beggarly *denier*": — A denier was the smallest French coin — hardly equal to our mill.

Scene III.

p. 156. "—— with quick and merry *eyes*": — So the folio: the quartos, "merry *words*," which is adopted in all modern editions. But it would seem that if 'words' were the original reading, the change was made in the revision. It was because the *Queen* appeared despondingly, "brook'd it ill" that the *King* was "worse," as *Gloster* would make it appear; and therefore he begs her to look upon her husband with lively, cheerful eyes.

Digitized by Google

p. 156. "*Enter Buckingham and Stanley*": — The folio and the quartos have, "Buckingham and *Derby*;" and throughout this Scene the latter is spoken of as 'Derby,' — the name occurring, however, but thrice. Theobald changed the name to 'Stanley,' because Stanley was not created Earl of Derby until after the accession of Henry VII.; an insufficient reason, as there can be no doubt that the mistake was Shakespeare's, and an editor is not justifiable in substituting what his author should have written for what he did write. But as the personage in question is called 'Stanley' thirteen times during the third, fourth, and fifth Acts, in the folio, and as the variation has no essential importance, and 'Stanley' has held possession of the text for a century and a quarter, it may, under protest, be allowed to remain.

" "*The Countess Richmond*," &c.: — She was the mother of Henry VII., by her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half brother to Henry VI. Lord Stanley was her third husband.

p. 157. "—— to make *atonement*": — i. e., reconciliation. See Notes on *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 4, p. 384.

"Who *is it* that complains?" — Thus the folio: the quartos, "Who *are they* that complains?" all modern editions hitherto, having regard to "them," in the next line, read, "Who *are they* that *complain?*" But the text of the folio is quite in accordance with the usage of Shakespeare's time.

p. 158. "—— with *lewd* complaints": — i. e., wicked complaints. See Notes on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 340.

" "[*Of your ill will*," &c.: — The words in brackets, omitted from the folio, are found in the quartos, where the passage appears thus, —

> "Makes him to send, that *thereby* he may *gather*
> The ground of your ill will, and *to* remove it."

The text of the quartos has hitherto been given because the sense of the passage is hardly complete in the folio, where the line is simply, "Makes him to send that he may learn the ground." But whatever may be the case with regard to the missing line, nothing can be clearer than that in the folio we have, not an accidental corruption, but a part, at least, of the result of a revision of the passage, in which Shakespeare rid this line of the superfluous 'thereby,' and, happily, both for sense and rhythm, substituted 'learn the ground' for 'gather the ground.' What alteration he may have made in the

Digitized by Google

remainder of the passage, accident has prevented us from knowing; and we therefore are obliged to take it from the unrevised copy.

p. 158. "That wrens *make* prey":—The quartos, "That wrens *may* prey."

" "—— while great *promotions*":—Here "promotions" is a quadrisyllable. The quarto has, "while *many fair* promotions."

p. 159. "To be *so baited*," &c.:—Thus the folio. The quartos, "To be *thus taunted*, scorned, and baited at." In the revision Shakespeare corrected the impropriety, 'baited *at*.'

p. 160. "[*Tell him, and spare not*," &c.:—This line (found in the quarto) is omitted from the folio,—accidentally, as the context shows.

" "In Margaret's *battle*":—Not in her fight, but in her army. Instances of this use of the word are numerous in these plays, and in our translation of the Bible.

p. 161. "*And* little joy enjoys," &c.:—The old copies have "*A* little joy," &c., which is clearly insufficient. Mr. Dyce reads, "*As* little joy," &c.; but 'and' seems to me the proper word for the continuation of the thought; and *a* was a common misprint for 'and.'

" "If not that I *am* Queen":—So the folio. The quartos have, "If not that I *being* queen," which has been hitherto adopted because it accords more with our modern notions of construction. But the sense is clear enough in the folio, and the construction preferable in respect to the impressiveness of the speech. I am convinced that the change was made by the author partly for these reasons, partly to avoid the very unpleasant cacophony '*being queen*.'

p. 162. "*Should* all but answer":—The quartos "*could* all," &c. The distinction between 'could' and 'should' was not in Shakespeare's time rigidly insisted on. Here 'but' has the force of 'only.'

p. 163. "The *slave* of Nature," &c.:—It would seem that epithets could not be better applied than those in this line; and yet all manner of contrivance has been used to avoid calling *Gloster* the slave of nature; as for instance, "the *shame* of nature," "the *scorn* of nature," and "the *stain* of nature." But "the slave of nature" here does not mean, as the correctors evidently suppose it does, — one who serves nature, one who is a bondman to nature; but one who is the lowest, the most servile, in the whole realm of nature. When one Irishman calls

Digitized by Google

another 'the thief o' the worrrld,' he does not mean to accuse the other of purloining this planet, but of being eminently *the* thief of the world. So *Margaret* calls *Gloster* the slave of Nature.

p. 164. "Your *fire-new stamp of honour*": — For 'fire-new' we now say 'bran-new,' i. e., 'brand-new.' The Marquis of Dorset, who appears in this play, was Thomas Grey, eighth Baron Ferrers of Groby, who was created Marquis of Dorset, April 18th, 1475. See Sir Harris Nicholas' *Historic Peerage of England*, Ed. Courthope. The events of this scene took place in 1477.

p. 165. "Our *eyry* buildeth," &c.: — 'Eyry' originally meant the brood of a bird of prey, and hence came to mean the nest.

" "As it *was* won on": — So the quartos. The folio misprints, "As it *is* won," &c.

p. 166. "—— I *muse* why she's at liberty": — The quartos, "I *wonder*," &c.

" "He is *frank'd* up," &c.: — A frank was a sty or pen. The word is of very uncertain etymology. Skinner supposed it to have come into use because the animals were "liberaliter pastæ" = freely fed. See 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 2, p. 450.

" "—— and *you*, my *noble* lords": — Thus the quartos; 'Lo.' being put for 'lords.' The folio has, by some inexplicable error, 'and *yours* my *gracious Lord*.'

p. 167. "Catesby, *I* come," &c.: — In this line the quartos have, "*we* come," and "with *us*," and give, "Madam, we will attend your grace," as *Rivers'* reply.

p. 168. "—— when fools' eyes *fall* tears": — The quartos "*drop* tears."

Scene IV.

" "*Enter Clarence and Keeper*": — So the folio, the very careful and peculiar arrangement of which, in the present Scene, is followed in this edition for the first time since Pope changed it for that of the quartos. The quartos have the direction, "*Enter Clarence, Brokenbury;*" and they prefix either "*Bro*" or "*Brok*" to all the replies to *Clarence* and the two *Murderers*. But the folio has not only "Enter Clarence and *Keeper*," but prefixes "*Keep*" to all the replies to *Clarence*, down to the line "I will, my lord," &c., inclusive; — and then has the direction, "*Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant*," to which character it assigns, by the prefix "*Bra*," the ensuing lines, 'Sorrow breaks seasons," &c., and all the replies to the *Murderers*,

Digitized by Google

until they are left alone with their victim. This would seem sufficiently decisive evidence, that, even if the quartos gave the first distribution, a change was made on the revision of the play; but that there might be no lack in this regard, *Clarence's* last speech before he falls asleep, which in the quartos begins, "O *Brokenburie*," begins in the folio, "Ah, *Keeeper, Keeper*," and the line, "I pray thee *gentle* Keeper stay by me," is changed in the folio to, "*Keeper*, I prythee sit by me awhile." It is also noteworthy that *Brakenbury*, when he yields custody of *Clarence* to the *Murderer*, says, in the quarto, "*Heere* are the keyes, there sits the duke asleepe," but in the folio, "There lies the duke asleepe, and *there* the keyes." Now it was a violation of all propriety to make Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, go about with a bunch of ponderous keys at his girdle or in his hand. These keys were evidently carried by the keeper, a higher sort of gaoler, but a person of rank much inferior to that of Brakenbury, the commander of the Tower. The stage direction and the prefixes of the quarto are probably the result of the limited number of actors in Shakespeare's company when the play was first produced, which caused the easily merged parts of the *Keeper* and *Brakenbury* to be assigned to one performer, whose MS. of his part was probably used in getting out the surreptitious edition of this very popular play. When it was revised, about 1601, this necessity seems to have ceased, and the minute but particular and decisive changes which have been pointed out were made. When *Brakenbury* goes out the folio has *Exit*, not *Exeunt*; but this is of no weight: the same error occurs constantly in the folio and the quartos, and in all the early editions of our old dramatists.

p. 168. "So full of *fearful dreams and ugly sights*": — The quartos have, "So full of *ugly sights, of gastly dreames*."

" "—— *I pray you, tell me*": — The quartos, "I long to heare you tell it;" and in the first line of *Clarence's* reply, "Methought I was imbarkt for Burgundie." Here and below the folio has "Methought*s*" — a mere irregularity.

" "—— and in *falling*": — The quartos, "and in *stumbling*;" thus having 'stumbled,' 'stumbling,' and 'tumbling,' within three lines.

p. 169. "*Stopp'd* in my soul": — The quartos, "*kept*," &c.; and in the next line the quartos of 1597 and 1598 have, "To *seek* the emptie," &c.; the quarto of 1602, "To *keep*," &c. In the last line of this speech the folio has, "*Who*

Digitized by Google

almost burst," &c., which must be regarded as a mere accidental variation.

p. 169. "—— *in* this sore agony": — The quartos, "*with* this sore agony."

" "With that *sour* ferryman": — The quartos have, "*grim* ferriman." The change shows purpose. Charon is represented by the poets as being of sour and morose temperament; but his grimness is merely inferential.

" "Who *spake* aloud": — The quartos have, "Who *cried* aloud."

" "—— and he *shriek'd* out aloud": — The quartos have, "*squeakt* out," &c.

p. 170. "—— take him *unto torment*": — The quartos, "take him to *your torments*."

" "*Environ'd me*," &c.: — The quartos have, "Environd me *about*," &c.

" "—— made *my* dream": — The quartos, "made *the* dream."

" "—— *though* it affrighted": — Here 'though' has the force of 'if.'

" "*I am afraid, methinks*": — The quartos, "*I promise you I am afraid*," &c.

" "Ah, *Keeper, Keeper*": — The important change in this line from the reading of the quartos is noticed in the first Note on this Scene. In the next line they have, "*bear* evidence."

" "—— thy wrath *in* me alone": — Here 'in' is used, as it frequently was of old, with its Latin sense, upon.

p. 171. "*What would'st thou*," &c.: — The quartos have, "In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?"

" "*What! so brief?*" — The quartos, "*Yea, are ye so brief?*" and in the next two lines,

"O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.
Shew him our [in some copies 'their'] commission
talke no more."

" "*There lies the Duke*," &c.: — See the first Note on this Scene.

p. 172. "—— I hope *this passionate* humour," &c.: — The quartos have, "*my holy* humour," &c. 'Passionate' in Shakespeare's time meant full of emotion, and is a more appropriate epithet for the mood of this *Murderer* than "holy." See the Note on "And others when the bag-pipe sings," &c., *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

Digitized by Google

p. 172. "[*'Faith*]": — Omitted from the folio on account of the statute 3 Jac. I.; in compliance with which "Zounds," which occurs twice below, was in the first instance changed to 'come,' and in the second omitted.

" "*I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward*": — The quartos have, "Ile not meddle with; *it is a dangerous thing;* it makes," &c. On the revision of the play Shakespeare struck out the second clause to avoid a mere repetition of the same words in the same speech, as the *Murderer* says, just below, of conscience, that "it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing." And yet these words have been hitherto retained; the only reason assigned being, oddly enough, that they are repeated afterward.

p. 173. "I am *strong fram'd*": — i. e., set firmly; used in a double sense. The quartos have, "*Tut*, am strong *in fraud.*"

" "Come, *shall we fall to work?*" — The quartos, "Come, shall we *to this gear?*"

" "*Who sent you,*" &c.: — The quartos, "Tell me, who are you. Wherefore come you hither?" The previous line does not appear in them.

p. 174. "Are you *drawn* forth *among* a world of men": — Thus the folio. The quartos, "Are you called forth *from out* a world of men?" — which is among the best of the variations of the early versions from the folio.

" "—— as you hope *to have redemption*": — Thus the quartos. The folio has, "as you hope *for any goodness;*" doubtless to conform the passage to the omission of the next line, in accordance with the statute 3 Jac. I., so often alluded to. We should of course preserve what according to the best evidence Shakespeare wrote when free from external restraint.

" "—— in such *dear* degree": — 'Dear' is used here in its augmentative, superlative sense. See the Note on "their own dear groans," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 477.

p. 175. "[*And charg'd us,*" &c.: — This line is omitted from the folio; and although the passage is not absolutely incoherent without it, yet it is so nearly essential that we may safely assume that the omission was accidental.

p. 176. "—— for *he bewept my fortune*, And hugg'd," &c.: — The quartos, "for when *I parted from him, Ile* hugg'd," &c.

Digitized by Google

176. "*Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish*":—In the quartos this passage appears thus: —

"*Cla.* Relent and save your soules.
1. Relent, 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent is beastly, savage, and diuelish
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreate for me:
A begging prince, what begger pitties not?"

In the folio, which, it will be remembered, gives the revised text, it appears thus with the addition of five lines.

"*Cla.* Relent, and saue your soules.
Which of you, if you were a Prince's Sonne
Being pent from liberty as I am now,
If two such murtherers as yourselues came to you
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse.
1. Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent is beastly, savage, diuellish," &c.

The difficulty of the passage as it stands in the folio was long since discovered. It is impossible to believe that Shakespeare wrote such feeble nonsense as that in the last three lines of *Clarence's* speech as it appears in that version which has just been quoted. Theobald and others made futile efforts at emendation; but it was left for Tyrwhitt to discover that the difficulty was caused by the insertion in the wrong place of the five lines added on the revision of the play. By a mistake easily made, they were inserted after the first line of the first of these two speeches, whereas they were intended for the same position in the second. This appears not only by the absurdity of *Clarence's* first speech in the corrupted reading, but from severance in that reading of *Clarence's* entreaty, "Relent," and the *Murderer's* prompt reply, "Relent! 'tis cowardly," &c., the latter of which was, from its very nature, plainly intended to follow the former on the instant. In the reading of the folio, "Relent, *no*," the negative is doubtless an accidental insertion. Malone, Steevens, Mr. Singer, and Mr. Dyce give the text, as in this edition, according to Tyrwhitt's regulation: Capell, recklessly ready to interpolate or excise, omitted the added five lines altogether; Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, Mr. Verplanck, and Mr. Hudson follow the folio; the last only attaining a tolerable sense, by supposing *Clarence's* question, as it appears in the folio, to end at "would not intreat for life," and the *Murderer* to interrupt him in the beginning of a new sentence, thus: —

Digitized by Google

"Which of you, &c. . . . . .
Would not entreat for life? As you would beg,
Were you in my distress, —
1 *Murd.* Relent!" &c. —

presuming, I suppose, the Duke to be about to say, 'As you would beg, &c., *so I beg*,' &c. I am unable to look so far into *Clarence's* intentions as to decide upon the merits of this reading.

p. 177. "Of this most *grievous murder*": — Thus the folio; the quartos, with a superfluity abated on the revision, "Of this most grieuous *guiltie* murder *done*." There are other variations not noticed in this Scene; but they do not in any way affect the sense.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

"And *now in* peace," &c.: — This line is corrupt in most of the old editions. The earlier quartos have, "And now in peace my soule shall part *from* heauen;" which is clearly wrong: the folio, "And *more to* peace my soul shall part *to* Heauen," which seems to me as clearly the result of other misprints and mistaken efforts to correct the line as it appears in the early quartos, where the only error is the easy one of mistaking 'fro,' (the old way of writing 'from') for 'for.' It is safe to assume Shakespeare would never have written "more *to* peace;" and we know that elsewhere he never wrote "part *to*," but always "part *for*." Steevens made up a reading from the quarto and folio, "And more *in* peace," &c., which is accepted by Mr. Dyce.

p. 178. "*Rivers and Hastings*": — Thus the quartos: the folio, "*Dorset* and *Rivers*," incorrectly; for between these there was no enmity.

" "—— *but* with all duteous love": — i. e., or except with all duteous love; a sense in which 'but' was constantly and consistently used of old.

p. 179. "To make the *blessed* period": — The quartos have, "the *perfect* period."

" "Here *comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and* the Duke": — Thus the folio, with the stage direction, "*Enter Ratcliffe and Gloster;*" the quartos have the single line, "And in good time here comes the noble Duke," with the direction, "*Enter Glocester.*" 'Sir Richard Ratcliff' being added in the folio, and a hemistich being made to admit

Digitized by Google

it, and 'noble' being stricken out, with stage directions to conform to the change, there appears to be no sufficient reason for disregarding such marked and purposed modifications, and we must accept them unless we claim the right to make up a text according to our own taste from the folio and any and all the quartos. *Ratcliff*, it is true, says nothing; but the poet was also a dramatist, and may have had a purpose in showing this agent of the usurper in his company at this interview.

p. 179. "If I *unwittingly*":—Thus the quartos. The folio has, "If I *unwillingly*," and although this word affords a sense, it is comparatively so poor that we may safely assume that it is the result of the easiest of misprints, the mistaking of *tt* (perhaps left uncrossed) for *ll*.

" "*By* any in this presence":—Thus the quartos. The folio, "*To* any," &c., the wrong preposition having been caught by the compositor's eye from the next line below.

p. 180. "Of *you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset*":—I have very little doubt that this halting and not very coherent line is corrupt, and that Shakespeare wrote, "Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Dorset, of you;' and I am the more confident, that in the quartos the line stands, "Of you *my* Lord *Rivers* and *Lord Gray of you*." The quartos are without the next line but one, "Of you Lord Woodville, and Lord Scales of you." Malone first observed that there was no such person as Lord Woodville. The passage was, in my judgment, garbled in the stage copy by some unauthorized person; but as the text of the authentic copy affords a good sense, and is not grossly irregular, it cannot be altered except by stretch of editorial prerogative that would place Shakespeare's text at the mercy of every editor.

" "To be so *flouted*":—The quartos, "so *scorned*."

" "But he, poor *man*":—The quartos, "poor *soul*."

" "—— to see him *buried*":—This word has here its full participial trisyllabic quantity.

p. 181. "Then *say* at once," &c.:—In the quartos, "Then *speake* at once what is it thou *demandst*?"

" "The *forfeit*, sovereign," &c.:—i. e., remit to me the forfeit of my servant's life.

" "—— was *bitter* death":—The quartos, "*cruel* death." How much more natural that *Edward* should call the death which *Clarence* suffered by his own orders (as he supposed) bitter than cruel!

"——who in my *wrath*":—The quartos, "in my

Digitized by Google

rage;" the folio gaining a slight palliation of the crime and a preservation of dignity by the change.

p. 182. "—— would once *beg* for his life": — The quartos, "*plead* for his life."

Scene II.

" "*Enter the Duchess of York*": — This is the widow of the Richard Duke of York of the last play. She was Cicely, daughter of Ralph Nevil, first Earl of Westmoreland.

" "Why do you *weep so oft?*" — The quartos, "Why do you *wring your hands?*"

p. 183. "—— you mistake me *both*": — The quartos, "You mistake me *much*," and in the last line of the speech, "It were lost *labour* to *weep for* one's that lost."

" "*And when my uncle*," &c.: — The quartos give these two lines thus: —

"And when *he* told me so he wept,
And *hugd* me *in his arms* and kindly kist my cheeke."

' "—— hide *deep vice*": — The quartos, "hide *foule guile.*"

" "Yet from my *dugs*": — Of old this word was used in no derogatory sense, and merely as we now use 'breasts.'

p. 184. "—— *when* the root is *gone*": — The quartos, "now the roote is *withered;*" and at the end of the next line, "*the* sap *being gone;*" and at the end of the speech, "of *perpetuall rest.*"

' "—— *thy children left*": — The quartos, "thy children left *thee.*"

" "—— snatch'd my *husband* from mine arms": — The quartos, "snatcht my *children* fro mine armes."

" "—— but *a* moiety of my *moan*": — The quartos, "but moiety of my *griefe.*"

" "—— to bring forth *complaints*": — The quartos, "to bring forth *laments.*"

p. 185. "—— mother of these griefs": — The quartos, "of these *moanes.*"

"—— *and so do I: I for an Edward weep*": — By a palpable mistake, of not uncommon occurrence in copying and printing, these words, equivalent to a whole line, are omitted in the folio. They are found in the earliest quartos.

Digitized by Google

p. 185. "*Comfort, dear mother*," &c.: — This and the following speech are found only in the folio.

p. 186. "*Sister*, have comfort": — The quartos, "*Madam*, have comfort."

" "But none can *help our* harms": — The quartos, "can *cure their* harmes."

" "—— in thy *breast*": — The quartos, "in thy *mind*."

" "—— your high swol'n *hearts*": — The folio has, "your high swol'n *hates*." But that this is a mere misprint is shown by the two following lines. For in no sense can we suppose *Buckingham* to declare that the rancor, broken or unbroken, of their high swollen *hates* must be *preserved*; and even with 'hearts' the figure, although intelligible and even impressive, is far from being clearly made out.

" "—— the young Prince be *fet*": — 'Fet' is an old form of 'fetched.' It is found in the early editions of the authorized translations of the Bible, and should not have been disturbed.

p. 187. "—— shall post to *Ludlow*": — Here and in the last line of the scene the folio misprints "*London*." The quartos are correct.

" "Madam, and you, my *sister*": — The quartos have. "and you, my *mother*."

" "—— your *censures*": — i. e., your opinions.

" "—— I'll *sort* occasion": — i. e., I'll choose; we even now say, 'sort out.' In the next line "as *index*" means, as beginning; the index of a book having of old been placed at the beginning.

Scene III.

p. 188. "*Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child*": — One of the few quotations from the Bible in these plays. "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." *Ecclesiastes* x. 16.

p. 189. "*Ensuing* danger": — So the quartos, for which the reading of the folio, "*Pursuing* danger," is clearly a misprint.

Scene IV.

p. 190. "Last night I heard they *lay at Stony Stratford*": — The quartos reverse the order of the places mentioned in these lines, which they give thus: —

Digitized by Google

"Last night I heard they lay at *Northampton*,
At *Stonistratford* will they be to-night."

The reading of the folio has on its side authority, rhythm, and — according to the chronicles which Shakespeare followed — historical truth.

p. 190. "*Arch.* And so no doubt," &c.: — This speech is assigned to *York* in the folio, by an almost obvious error, which the quartos enable us to correct. The corresponding line in them has the prefix *Car*[*dinal.*]

p. 191. "A *parlous* boy": — 'Parlous,' a contracted form of perilous, (See Notes on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1,) seems sometimes to have been used, as it is here, with the notion that it was derived from *parle*, and meant talkative.

p. 192. "*Q. Eliz. For what offence?*" — In the quartos this speech has the prefix *Car*[*dinal*], (as the *Archbishop* is there styled,) although the reply ends, "my gracious *lady*."

" "—— my gracious *lord*": — The quartos (printed from each other) have, "my gracious *lady;*" the error being quite surely caused by the mistaking of 'Lo' for 'La;' 'Lord' and 'Lady' having been usually written and even very frequently printed in that abbreviated form. Malone and Mr. Dyce, however, choose to consider the prefix *Car* in the quartos a misprint for *Qu*, and to restore 'lady' to the text. See the previous Note.

" "—— begins to *jut*": — The quartos, "begins to *iet;*" the folio, "begins to *Jutt*." But 'jut' and 'jet' are different forms of the same word, and mean to protrude, to thrust out. The latter form, however, was used especially to signify a pompous or pretentious gait. So in Udall's *Eloquent Latine Phrases*, 1581, "*Parmenonem incedere video* . . . . I see Parmeno come *jetting* like a lord. . . . But properly *incedere* differeth from *ambulare*. For *incedere* properly [meaneth] to goe wyth a stately pace, as who shoulde say, to shew a great gravity or majesty in going as Princes doe when they shew themselves in their estate." Sig. L. iiii.: and on the same page "wyth a nyce or tender and soft, delicate, or gingerly pace;" "the pace that great princes and noblemen use when they shew their Estate or majesty." And see Skinner, *Etymologicon*, &c., 1671, — "to Jet, *magnifice Incidere, Fastuosè se inferre . . . corpus prorsùm Jacere, vel Jactare.*"

" "—— to look on *death* no more": — So the quartos. The folio has "*earth*" — a mere misprint.

Digitized by Google

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 193. "*Enter . . . Cardinal Bourchier*":—Thomas Bourchier, Bishop of Ely, was made a Cardinal and chosen sixty-fourth Archbishop of York, A. D. 1454. He was also Lord Chancellor and Chancellor of Oxford University.

" "—— to *your chamber*":—London was called *Camera Regis*, the King's Chamber, from soon after the conquest.

p. 194. "—— God [*in Heaven*] forbid":—The quarto of 1602 accidentally omitted 'in Heaven,' and was followed by the later quartos and the folio. The words are found in the quartos of 1597 and 1598.

p. 195. "—— too *senseless-obstinate*":—In *King John*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 94, we have a compound epithet similar to this —"wilful-opposite." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has the futile reading, "You are too *strict and abstinent*."

" "—— but with the *grossness* of this age":—i. e., (and very clearly to my apprehension,) but with the gross judgment, the blunted perception of this age. But Warburton could understand grossness only in the sense of superstition, and proposed "*greenness* of this age;" Johnson explained the line, "compare the act of seizing him with the gross and licentious practices of these times;" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "the *goodness* of these times"!

" "*Oft have I heard of sanctuary men*":—This passage is adopted almost word for word from More's *Life of Richard the Third*, which was copied into the Chronicles.

" "Where it *think'st* best":—Thus the folio; the meaning being, where it *seems* best, which is the reading of the quartos of 1597 and 1598. The quarto of 1602 first read "think'st," and possibly without authority; but since the word was preserved in the folio and has a clear idiomatic propriety, like 'it needs must,' it should not be displaced. See "Does it not, think'st thee," &c., *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2.

p. 196. "—— the general *all*-ending day":—So the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1598, owing, doubtless, to the repetition of the syllable *al*, omitted 'all;' and this error was left uncorrected in the subsequent old impressions.

" "—— the formal *Vice*".—As to the Vice of the Old

Digitized by Google

Stage, see the *Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama*, Vol. I. Who chooses may read in the *Variorum* of 1821 four pages of captious, obscure, and learned quibbling about the meaning of this very simple passage.

p. 196. "Short summers *lightly* have," &c.: — i. e., usually have. How the word came to have that meaning is not clear.

" "Well, my *dread* lord": — So the two earliest quartos; that of 1602 has, "*dear* lord," which is also the reading of the folio. That it is a mere misprint is shown by the remainder of *York's* speech, "so *must* I call you *now*." He could have called him *dear* lord before their father's death; but as after that event his elder brother became his sovereign, he must call him 'dread lord,' which was a royal title. It is selected with noticeable tact, as the one which marks most strongly the change of relation between the little playfellows. "Great and manifold were the blessings, Most Dread Sovereign" — are the words in which the translators of our Bible began their Dedication to King James.

p. 198. "My Lord Protector [*needs*] will": — So the quarto of 1597. That of 1598 omits 'needs,' clearly by accident, and is followed by all the other old editions.

" "Was not *incensed*": — 'Incensed' is here used in the sense of incited.

" "O, 'tis a *parlous* boy": — See the Note on "a parlous boy," Act II. Sc. 4, p. 288 of this play. The quartos of 1597 and 1598 have "*perlous*," which in the quarto of 1602 became "*perilous*," and in the folio "*perillous*."

p. 199. "—— *divided* counsels": — Johnson explained this, "a private consultation, separate from the known and publick council." So in the next Scene *Hastings* says, "Bid him not fear the *separated* councils."

" "At Crosby *House*": — The quartos, "Crosby *place*."

p. 200. "—— some*thing* we will *determine*": — So the folio: the quartos, "some*what* we will *do*," which reading is preferred by almost all editors. But, aside from the authority of the folio, 'determine,' in its fine sense, bring to an end, is much preferable to the more vague and commonplace 'do,' (*Richard* means to have done with vacillation and vacillators in the surest and quickest way,) and the change avoids the bald repetition of *Buckingham's* query, "what shall we do?" and also the cacophony, "some*what* *we* *will*."

Digitized by Google

p. 200. "—— with all *kindness*": — The quartos, "with all *willingness*," making a superfluous foot.

SCENE II.

" "*Then certifies your lordship*," &c.: — The quartos give this passage: —

"And then he sends you word
He dreamt to night the boare had raste his helm."

p. 201. "—— I wonder he's so *simple*": — The quartos, "he is so *fond*."

" "*Ay, on my life*": — The quartos, "*Upon* my life, *my lord*," making a superfluous foot.

p. 202. "—— still *my adversaries*": — The quartos, "still *mine enemies*."

p. 203. "—— as dear as *you do* yours": — The folio has, "as dear as *yours*." This might be accepted in the sense, I hold my life to be as dear as yours, were it not for the context, "never . . . was it so precious *to me* as it is now." The omission in the folio was doubtless caused by the similarity of the words 'you' and 'yours,' which misled the compositor's eye.

' "*Come, come, have with you*": — For these two lines the quartos give *Hastings* these: —

"I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you talk'd of, are beheaded."

p. 204. "—— for your last *exercise*": — The last word is here used in the same sense which it has in the announcement of a New England prayer meeting, that 'the exercises will commence at early candle light.'

SCENE III.

p. 205. In the quartos, this Scene begins with a speech by *Ratcliff* — "Come, bring forth the prisoners."

"God *bless* the Prince": — The quartos, "God *keepe* the Prince."

"*You live that shall cry woe*": — This speech and the following are in the folio only; which is also the case with the line just below, — "When she exclaimed," &c.

" "—— the hour of death is *expirate*": — i. e., is expired; the quartos having, "the limit of your liues is out." The folio has, "is *expiate*." Shakespeare uses 'expire' in a similar sense again in *Romeo and Juliet*,

Digitized by Google

Act I. Sc. 4, "and expire the term of a despised life;" and his fondness for the preterite termination in *ate* is apparent in nearly every one of his works. He uses 'festinate,' 'combinate,' 'conspirate,' 'confiscate,' 'contaminate,' 'consummate,' &c.; but in giving the verb this formation, he *never omits a radical letter*, and in this case *r* is, next to *p*, the most important element of the word. For this reason we must attribute the occurrence of 'expiate' here and in the twenty-second Sonnet, — "Then look I death my days should *expiate*," (read *expirate*,) — to the likeness between 'expirate' and 'expiate,' and the seeming fitness of the latter word in its proper sense to both instances. Malone, strangely thinking that 'expiate' could mean expirate, or expired, although its only possible meaning is to atone for impious by pious deeds, retained it; and it held its place in the text until the appearance of *Shakespeare's Scholar*, since when Mr. Singer has adopted 'expirate.' Mr. Dyce adheres to the old word. Steevens suggested that "perhaps we should read *expirate*."

Scene IV.

p. 206. "—— *the Bishop of Ely*":—This was John Morton of Baliol College, Oxford, Prebendary of Salisbury, Lincoln, St. Paul's, and York, who was elected in 1478, on the death of William Grey. He became Master of the Rolls, Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Cardinal. The marriage of the Earl of Richmond with Elizabeth of York was, according to Sir Thomas More, of his contriving.

" "*Are all things* ready?" &c.:—In the folio, "*Is* all things;" and in the next line, for "They are," "*It is*," an error copied from the quarto of 1598 into all subsequent old editions:—"And *wants* but nomination," means, of course, there wants nothing but nomination of the royal day.

p. 207. "—— upon your *cue*, my lord":—The quartos print this, "Upon your *kew*," &c.; the folio, "upon your *Q*," &c.

" "—— and loves me well":—The quartos here add,—

> "*Hast.* I thank your grace.
> *Glo.* My lord of Elie.
> *Bish.* My lord.
> *Glo.* When I was last in *Holborne*," &c.

" "*I saw good strawberries*":—This trifling incident of the strawberries was recorded by Sir Thomas More,

Digitized by Google

whose *Life of Richard the Third* was copied almost verbatim by Hall and Holinshed.

p. 208. "By any *livelihood*":—i. e., any liveliness;—as manhood, maidenhood, &c.; the old form was 'livelyhed.' See *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I. Sc. 1,—"The tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek." The quartos have "*likelihood*."

"—— that *harlot* strumpet":—Here 'harlot' is an adjective implying venality. See Note on "While she with harlots feasted," *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 219, and the following lines quoted by Mr. Dyce, (Few Notes, p. 104,) from *A Mirour for Magistrates*:—

> "O harlot whore why should I stay my hands?
> Locrinus now (quoth she) had not thus dide,
> If such a harlot whore he had not took."
> P. 34, Ed. 1610.

p. 209. "Lovel and *Ratcliff*, look that it be done":—So the folio; no name being mentioned in the quartos, which, however, have, "*Manet Ca with Hast*," and in the next Scene direct *Catesby* to bring in *Hastings'* head. We have just seen *Ratcliff* at Pomfret attending upon the execution of *Rivers*, *Grey*, and *Vaughan*; and hence Theobald read, "Lovell and *Catesby*;" but as Mr. Knight remarks, "We must either take the text of the quarto altogether, in which neither *Ratcliff* nor *Lovell* appear, or adopt the apparent absurdity of the folio. But in truth this is one of those positions in which the poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge." The text of the folio is consistent with itself in all respects.

" "—— did *rase his helm*":—The folio misprints, "did *rowse our* helmes."

" "—— and *disdain* to fly":—So the folio. The quartos have, "But I disdaind it and did scorne to flie."

" "*As too triumphing*":—The quartos give these two lines thus:—

> "As twere triumphing at mine enemies
> How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcherd."

" "*Come, come, despatch*":—This and the three following lines were added in the folio.

Scene V.

p. 210. "—— *in rusty armour*":—The folio has, "in *rotten* armour." This incident is from Holinshed, who says that

Digitized by Google

the two Dukes "stood harnessed in old ill faring brigandiers, such as no man should weere, that they would vouchsafe to put upon their backes, except that some sudden necessitie had constrained them."

p. 210. "*Tut*":—The quartos add, "fear not me." They lack the third line of this speech.

" "*At any time to grace*," &c.:—The quartos give this passage thus:—

"And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems.

Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him, Lord maior.
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reason we have sent for you.
Glo. Catesby overlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I hear a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend us.
Glo. O, O, be quiet it is Catesby."

p. 211. "—— his *conversation* with Shore's wife":—i. e., his intercourse. See the Note on "till their conversations appear," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act V. Sc. 5.

p. 212. "*But* since you come":—So the quartos. The folio has, "*Which* since," &c.—a manifest error. For the next two lines, the quartos have this one:—"Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my lord adue."

" "—— *put to death a citizen*":—Dr. Grey says (according to the *Variorum* of 1821, but the passage does not appear in his *Notes*, &c., on this play) that "this persone was one Walker, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside." The accusations enumerated by *Gloster* were all made against Edward IV., and even embodied in an Act of Parliament. See Blakeway's Note in the *Variorum* of 1821. It is almost needless to add that they were monstrously exaggerated, and in many instances entirely unfounded.

" "Even where his *raging* eye":—The quartos, "lustful eye." Pope plausibly read, "*ranging* eye." In the next line the quartos have, "*listed* to make *his* prey."

p. 213. "—— *to Doctor Shaw*":—Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers, according to Malone; the latter being a provincial of the Augustine Friars, according to Speed, as quoted by Steevens. These three lines are only in the folio.

Digitized by Google

p. 213. "—— *the brats of Clarence*":—These brats were Edward Earl of Warwick, who was beheaded by Henry VII. in 1499, and Margaret, afterward the wife of Sir Richard Pole, who was put to death by Henry VIII. in 1540, at the age of seventy.

"—— that no *manner person*":—This is in accordance with the idiom of the time, which did not absolutely require 'of.'

SCENE VI.

p. 214. There is hardly a line of this speech exactly alike in the quartos and the folio; but the variations are altogether too minute to be worth notice, except perhaps "Yet who so *blind*" [for "so bold"] in the second line from the last.

SCENE VII.

" "*How now, how now!*"—The quartos, less impatiently, "How now *my Lord!*"

p. 215. "But like dumb *statuas*":—The folio has, "dumb *statues*," which most editors have retained on the ground that 'statues' should be pronounced as a trisyllable. But, with Mr. Dyce, I believe it to be an error for 'statua,' which Latin form of the word was frequently used by English writers even in the middle period of the seventeenth century.

' "*And thus I took the vantage*":—This line is not in the quartos; which also have in the next two lines, "*louing* citizens," and "*louing* shoute."

p. 216. "—— a holy *descant*":—See Note on "too harsh a descant," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 183.

"—— the Mayor and *Aldermen*":—The quartos, "the maior and *citizens*."

p. 217. "—— on a lewd *love*-bed":—The quartos, "*day*-bed."

" "Marry, God *defend*":—The quartos, "God *forbid*."

p. 218. "—— between two *Bishops*":—This incident is recorded not by Sir Thomas More, but by Hall, the words 'with a bishop on every hande of him' being added to More's narrative.

' "True *ornament*":—The folio, "True *ornaments*;" but the final *s* was very frequently added in mere heedlessness, or through mistake of the final *e* which has been dropped in modern orthography. So, toward the end of the Scene, *Gloster* says, in the folio, "I am not made of

Digitized by Google

stones;" and in the last line (to *Buckingham*) "my cousins;" and in the last line of the first Scene of Act IV., "So foolish sorrows bids your stones farewell." Such errors must usually be corrected without notice; but it is well occasionally to remind the reader that they are corrected; especially when, as in this case, they are retained by most editors.

p. 218. "*Your state of fortune,*" &c.: — Not in the quarto.

p. 219. "*This* noble isle doth want *her* proper limbs": — The folio has, "*The* noble isle doth want *his* proper limbs." That the latter is an error, is shown by the next two lines; the former is quite surely so.

" "Of *dark* forgetfulness and *deep* oblivion": — The quartos read, "Of *blind* forgetfulnesse, and *darke* obliuion;" and for the second and third lines below they have, "Your gracious selfe to take on you *the soueraigntie thereof.*"

" "*If* not *to answer,*" &c.: — This is the first of ten lines which are found only in the folio.

p. 220. "—— are *nice* and trivial": — 'Nice' means daintily precise. The modern use of it in England to mean good, good in all variety of goodness, is an absurd and unwarrantable perversion.

"—— to *a* many sons": — A form of speech in not uncommon use in Shakespeare's time. The quarto of 1597 has, "mother to *a* many children;" but the quarto of 1602, from which the text of the folio was printed, omits the *a*.

" "—— loathed *bigamy*": — Bigamy, or the marrying a widow or two virgins successively, was pronounced infamous by a Council of the Romish Church. What is now generally called bigamy is properly polygamy.

p. 221. "*Yet to draw forth,*" &c.: — The quartos, "Yet to draw *out your noble stock.*"

" "*Refuse not,*" &c.: — This line is not in the quartos.

" "*Come, citizens,*" &c.: — The quartos here have,

> "Come citizens, *zounds, Ile* entreat no more.
> *Glo.* O do not sweare my lord of Buckingham."

It is quite probable that the passage was originally written thus, and that the change was made by Shakespeare, because it made *Gloster* overdo his hypocrisy; for 'zounds' was a common and venial expletive in Shakespeare's time. If, as Mr. Collier suggests, the 'zounds'

Digitized by Google

was struck out only in consequence of the statute 3 Jac. I., we should restore the reading of the quarto; for the removal of the quasi oath of course required the removal of the remonstrance.

p. 221. "*Exit Buckingham,*" &c.: — The proper stage directions for this passage were first supplied by Mr. Dyce. The quartos have no directions; the folio, in the careless manner common in old dramatic publications, has "*Exeunt,*" and afterward, "Enter *Buckingham and the rest.*" But clearly from *Catesby's* entreaty and *Richard's* reply, there was an audience left for his hypocrisy.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 223. "—— to greet the tender *Princes*": — The folio has, "the tender *Prince;*" accidentally, without a doubt. The quartos have, "To *gratulate* the tender *Princes there.*" The text of the quartos is much the briefer here.

p. 224. "*I mean the Lord Protector*": — The quartos, "*I cry you mercie,* I mean," &c.

" "Then bring me to their *sights*": — So the original, and purposely. 'Sight' is here made plural, as referring to the sight of more than one. The quartos have, "Then *feare not thou.*"

' "*Despiteful tidings,*" &c.: — This line is not in the quartos.

p. 225. "*No why*": — i. e., Why not?

' "And that *dear* saint": — So the folio, which may possibly be a misprint for "*dead* saint" of the quartos. Either word has an appropriate meaning.

p. 226. "For never yet one *hour*" · — Here 'hour' is a dissyllable.

" "*Eighty odd years,*" &c.: — Malone remarks, "Shakespeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present Scene is in 1483. Richard, Duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he then been living, would have been but seventy-three years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his Duchess was younger than he was."

" "*Teen*" means sorrow, trouble. So in *The Tempest,* Act I. Sc. 2, "To think o' th' teen I have turned you to."

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

p. 227. "*Enter Richard, crowned and in state*," &c.: — The folio has, "*Enter Richard in pompe*," &c.; the quartos, "*Enter Richard, crowned*," &c. As Mr. Collier remarks, there were probably no 'discoveries,' as they are now called, in our old theatre. This, however, does not justify us in giving direction for a discovery here, although under other circumstances it does. For in the quartos, after *Richard* speaks to *Buckingham*, there is a direction, "Here he ascendeth his throne," and in the folio, we find in the same place, "*Sound*." Richard is plainly to enter in state, and ascend the throne amid the sounding of trumpets.

l "—— these *glories* for a day": — The quartos, "these *honours* for a day."

n "—— play the *touch*": — i. e., the touchstone.

p. 228. "—— he *gnaws his* lip": — The quartos, "he *bites the* lip."

p. 229. "—— some mean *poor* gentleman": — The quartos, "some mean *born* gentleman." This, in Shakespeare's time, was almost a contradiction in terms.

l "The *boy is foolish*": — Polydore Virgil, as quoted by Malone, describes this hapless youth as an idiot, "*qui gallinam ab ansere non facile internosceret;*" and see the Note (Act III. Sc. 5, p. 295) on "the brats of Clarence."

p. 230. "*And I will love thee*," &c.: — The quartos thus: —

> "And I will love thee, and prefere thee too.
> *Tir.* 'Tis done my gracious lord.
> *King.* Shall we heare from the *Tirrel* ere we sleep?
>
> *Enter* Buckingham.
>
> *Tir.* Ye shall my Lord."

p. 231. "[Buck — My Lord": — The dialogue between *Richard* and *Buckingham*, from this line to, "I am not in the giving vein to-day," inclusive, does not appear in the folio. It was probably struck out of the acting copy to shorten somewhat this very long play. To conform to the elision, *Buckingham's* importunity, "Why then resolve me," &c., is thus modified in the folio: "May it please to resolve me in my suit." Of course the original form of the line must be restored with the elided matter.

n "*To Brecknock*": — This was the name of the Duke's castle in Wales.

Digitized by Google

SCENE III.

p. 232. "To do this *piece of ruthful* butchery": — Thus the folio. The quarto of 1597 has, "To do this *ruthlesse peece of* butchery;" the later quartos, "To do this *ruthfull* peece," &c. The folio, it will be seen, gives a revised version of the line, the position of the adjective having been changed. Therefore, as the form 'ruthful' was retained on the revision, it should not be changed to 'ruthless," as it has generally been in modern editions. 'Ruthful' is elsewhere thus used by Shakespeare, and also by other authors of his time, and later: and we now say, with the same force, either a shameful deed or a shameless deed; in one instance meaning that the act causes shame in the observer — in the other, that it shows a lack of shame in the performer. So the same act may be characterized as pitiful, sorrowful, ruthful, or pitiless, sorrowless, ruthless.

" "Wept like *two* children": — The folio has, "wept like *to* children." But the miswriting and misprinting of 'to,' 'too,' and 'two' for each other was so common of old, that there need be no hesitation in adopting the text of the quartos, which presents a moving picture in simple and natural phrase.

p. 233. "*But where, to say the truth, I do not know*": — Every reader may not know that the bones of the two princes were discovered in 1674 under a staircase in the Tower (the White Tower) of London. They were enclosed in a wooden chest which was about ten feet under ground. By the order of Charles II. these interesting remains were placed in a marble urn and reinterred in Westminster Abbey.

" "—— *I humbly take my leave*": — Not in the quartos.

" "His daughter *meanly have I matched*": — See the Note on "the brats of Clarence," Act III. Sc. 5, p. 295.

" "—— *Morton* is fled to Richmond": — i. e., the Bishop of Ely. See the first Note on Act III. Sc. 4.

SCENE IV.

p. 234. "—— of mine *enemies*": — The quartos, "of mine *adversaries*."

" "My *unblown* flowers": — The folio has, "*unblowed* flowers" — by mistake, probably, of the compositor.

" "—— say that *right for right*": — i. e., perhaps it may be pardonable to remark, retributive justice.

Digitized by Google

p. 235. "| *Tell o'er your woes again*":—This line, which appears in all the quartos, is omitted in the folio, clearly by accident.

" "I had a *husband*":—The quartos have, "I had a *Richard*." Capell, Malone, and Mr. Dyce read, "I had a *Henry*," because, in Capellese, "names design the persons enumerated in five other lines, and a name were fitter for this line, and such name is in the 'Readings.'"

p. 236. "*That excellent grand tyrant*," &c.:—This line and the next, which were doubtless added at the revision of the play, are found only in the folio, where they are transposed, accidentally, as any reader can see.

" "And makes her *pew-fellow*":—This expression was quite commonly used in Shakespeare's time, and much later, to signify a close companion.

" "*Match'd* not the high perfection":—The quartos, which have been followed hitherto, "*Match not*," &c.

" "—— this *frantic* play":—The quartos, "this *tragicke* plaie."

p. 237. "—— mock'd with two *fair* babes":—The quartos, "with two *sweet* babes."

" "*A* dream *of what thou wast*":—The quartos thus:—

"A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot."

" "*Where be thy two sons?*"—The quartos, "Where be thy children?"

" "Who sues, *and kneels, and* says," &c.:—The quartos, "Who sues *to thee, and cries*."

" "*Decline* all this":—'Decline' is here used in the sense of running through all the cases; so we say, to decline a noun.

" "*For one being fear'd*," &c.:—This line is not in the quartos; and they also transpose some of the lines of this antithetical enumeration. The folio, in this and the preceding and following lines, has, "For *she*," which the structure of the whole speech, and especially of the immediate context, shows to be a mistake for "For *one*," which is found in all the quartos.

"—— the course of justice *wheel'd* about":—Thus the quartos; the folio, "*whirld* about," which is clearly a misprint, and one easily made. A course cannot be said to whirl about.

Digitized by Google

p. 238. "—— I slip my *wearied head*":— The quartos, "my *weary necke*."

" "Think that thy babes were *sweeter*," &c.:— The quartos have, "were *fairer*," which was changed to "were *sweeter*" in the revised version of the folio. It is noteworthy that in the sixth line of *Queen Margaret's* preceding speech, "*sweet* babes" of the quartos was changed to "*faire* babes" in the folio. This double change in counterpart could not have been accidental; and, indeed, it is far more natural and touching to use 'fair' in the mere descriptive allusion to the babes, and 'sweet' in describing a mother's memory of them. And yet 'fairer' has been hitherto retained "as antithetical to 'fouler,'" in the next line!

" "—— of *intestate* joys":— The folio, "of *intestine* joys — an obvious and easy misprint for 'intestate' of the quartos.

" "—— though what they *will* impart":— The quartos, which have, "Helpe *not at all*," in the next line, read here, "what they *do* impart." One change requires the other; yet all editions hitherto give that in the second line without that in the first.

" "*The trumpet sounds*":— The quartos, "I hear his drum."

p. 239. "Who intercepts *me in*," &c.:— The quartos have not 'me in,' which, it appears to me, was added on the revision, to avoid the pronunciation of 'expedition' as a word of five syllables; that being ill adapted to the naturally curt and stern manner in which *Richard* would ask the question.

" "Where should be *branded*":— The quartos, "be *grauen*."

" "*O, let me speak*":— This speech and the reply are not in the quartos.

p. 240. "—— subtle, *sly, and bloody*":— The quartos, "subtil, *bloudie, trecherous*." They also are without the next line.

" "—— and *not offend you, Madam*":— The quartos give this passage thus:—

"—— and not offend your grace.
Duch. O heare me speake, for I shall never see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter."

" "And never *more behold* thy face," &c.:— The quartos, "And never *look upon*," &c.

Digitized by Google

p. 241. "—— she is a royal princess": — The quartos, "she is *of royal blood*."

p. 242. "*You speak*," &c.: — This speech and the reply are only in the folio.

" "*Madam, so thrive I*," &c.: — The quartos, for this line and the next, have one — "Madam, so thriue I in my *dangerous attempt of hostile armes*." In the last line they have "were *wronga*."

" "—— the height of *fortune*": — The quartos, "the height of *honor*."

p. 244. "—— *which, say to her, did drain*": — These words and the next line are not in the quartos. In the next line the folio has, "sweet *brother's body*," which slight and evident misprint was left to be corrected by Mr. Dyce.

" "—— she cannot choose but *love* thee": — The folio has, "but *hate* thee;" the corruption being due, it seems to me, to the attempt of some person in the printing office to correct an ironical remark which he did not understand. It would seem that there could be no doubt as to the reading, "she cannot choose but love thee, having *bought love*," &c. Tyrwhitt suggested that "the sense seems to require that we should read, 'but *love* thee' ironically;" and Monck Mason proposed the miserable and vulgar expression, "*have* thee."

This, the preceding, and the two following speeches are not in the quartos.

" "—— for whom you *bid* like sorrow": — i. e., did abide like sorrow: — the past tense of 'bide.'

p. 245. "*Leads* discontented steps": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, somewhat plausibly, but, as usual, more prosaically, has, "*Treads* discontented steps."

" "Advantaging their *loan*": — The folio has, with a mere turned *n*, "their *loue*" — a variation hardly worth notice.

" "—— sole *victoress*": — So the folio. The feminine form was comparatively new, and the contracted form not used, I believe, in Shakespeare's time; and yet all modern editions hitherto give 'victress.' Ben Jonson, (who read his own proofs,) writing the *Elegy on his Muse*, many years later than the time when *Richard III.* was revised, and wishing to use the feminine form in two syllables, adopted a quasi French form, 'victrice.'

p. 246. "To *vail* the title": — So the first quarto: the subsequent old editions misprint, "to *vaile*."

Digitized by Google

p. 247. "*Harp not on that string*," &c.: — In the folio, this line and the following are accidentally transposed; this being made a part of *Richard's* next speech, the other being added to *Queen Elizabeth's* previous one. The first quarto is correct; the intermediate impressions have even worse confusion, which, however, requires no particular notice.

" —— his *lordly* honour": — The quartos, "his *holy* honour;" and in the next line but one, "disgrac't his kingly *dignitie*." Notice, throughout this speech, 'his' used for 'its,' without personification.

" *Then by myself*": — This is the arrangement of this passage in the folio. In the quartos, *Richard* swears first by the world, and by himself before his last oath. But, aside from the authority of the folio, when asked to swear by something he had not wronged, he would first think of himself: he then, according to the folio, rises, step by step, to the highest oath. Yet the quarto arrangement has been followed by all modern editors, except Mr. Knight and Mr. Verplanck, who adhere silently to the folio.

" "Why then by *God*": — Thus the quartos. The folios, here in the next line, have "Heaven," on account of the statute 3 Jac. I. so often referred to on similar occasions.

"If thou *had'st* fear'd to break an oath by him": — This passage is so corrupt and imperfect, both in the folio and the quartos, that all editors have been obliged to make a text from the two, which are here given, the words in which they differ from each other being indicated by Italic letters. The folio, —

"If thou *didd'st feare* to breake an Oath *with* him,
The vnity the King my *husband* made
Thou had'st not broken, nor my *Brothers died.*
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th' Imperiall metall, circling now thy *head*,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing heere,
Which now two tender *Bed*-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made *the* prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now?"

The quarto, —

"If thou *hadst feard* to breake an oath *by* him,
The vnitie the king my *brother* made,
Had not beene broken, nor my *brother slaine.*
If thou nadst feard to breake an oath by him

Digitized by Google

The emperiall mettel circling now thy *brow*,
Had grast the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender *play*-fellowes *for* dust,
Thy broken faith hath made *a* praye for wormes."

It is difficult to account for most of these variations, but in the third line, "my *brother*" of the quartos is of course wrong. Malone and Mr. Dyce suppose the error to be in the pronoun, and read '*thy* brother,' rejecting '*husband*' of the folio. They also read, "*Had not been* broken," with the quartos. 'Head' of the folio was substituted for 'brow' of the quartos, plainly to avoid the cacophony, "*now* thy *brow*;" and "*bed*-fellows" for "*play*-fellows," (where Malone and Dyce, as well as all other editors, read with the folio,) is an improvement of the poetic beauty of the line too obvious to need comment. Variations such as these are evidently the result of the author's revision of the play. And the addition of "What canst thou swear by now," making with the reply (which is found in the quartos) a perfect verse, shows at least authoritative restoration.

p. 248. "—— whose *fathers* thou hast slaughter'd": — The quartos, "whose *parents*," &c.

" "—— by times ill-us'd *o'er-past*": — The folio, "*repast*:" the quartos, "*orepast*;" the variation of the folio being caused by the mere dropping of the first letter of the word.

" "—— my dangerous *affairs*": — The quartos, "my dangerous *attempt*;" the change having plainly been made to avoid an unpleasant and even confusing similarity of sound to 'repent' at the end of the previous line; and, as Mr. Hudson acutely remarks, "'affairs' seems to suit better with the idea of hostile arms used defensively." Yet 'attempts' is retained by nearly all modern editors.

" "—— with *dear* heart's love": — The quartos, "with *pure* heart's love;" the change having been made on the revision probably because with 'immaculate' and 'holy' in the next line, 'pure' was superfluous in this. Yet all modern editors, except Mr. Knight, retain 'pure."

" "*Without* her," &c.: — This passage appears thus in the quartos: —

"Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine, and decay."

Digitized by Google

p. 249. "*And you shall understand,*" &c.: — This line is not in the quartos. Nor is the third below, "How now," &c.

" "And there they *hull*": — See the Note on "I am to hull here," *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 5, p. 248.

" "I *will, my lord,*" &c.: — The quartos, much corrupted here, have not this line, or, "Ratcliff, come hither," of the next; and the folio has, "*Catesby*, come hither" — a manifest mistake.

p. 251. "*What heir of York is there,*" &c.: — There were other heirs who had a better title than Richard, as Malone remarked — Elizabeth and the other daughters of Edward IV., and Edward, son of Richard's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence; and although, as Ritson rejoined, Edward's issue had been pronounced illegitimate, and Clarence attainted of high treason, yet this was unjustly done by procurement of Richard himself.

" "*You cannot guess,*" &c.: — This is not marked as an interrogation in the old copies; but that is of little consequence, as it seems clearly to be one.

" "Cold friends to *me*": — The quartos, "to *Richard*."

" "—— *but leave behind*": — The quartos, "but *heare you* leave," &c.; and in the next line, "looke your *faith* be firme."

p. 252. "—— more *competitors*": — i. e., associates; those who seek the same end together — the radical sense of the word. Competitors are not necessarily opponents, though they may be.

" "*The news I have to tell,*" &c.: — In the quartos, the *Messenger* replies, —

"Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckingham's armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himself fled no man knowes whither."

And the King, instead of giving his own purse to heal his blow, says, "Ratcliffe, reward him for the blow I gave him."

Scene V.

p. 253. "*Enter . . . Sir Christopher Urswick*": — Urswick was not a knight, but a priest. (See the Notes on *The Merry Wives*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 305.) He was chaplain to the Earl of Richmond's mother, and afterward his almoner.

" "—— the most *deadly* boar": — The quartos, "this

Digitized by Google

most *bloody* boar." The change was probably made to avoid a sameness of epithet. In the second Scene of the next Act *Richmond* calls *Richard* "the wretched, bloody and usurping boar." See also the third Note on that Scene.

p. 253. "—— is *frank'd* up": — i. e., penn'd up. See the Note on "He is frank'd up," Act I. Sc. 3 of this play.

p. 254. "—— *holds off* my present aid": — The quartos, "*withholds*," &c.; and the next three lines, with some slight variations, form in the quartos a part of *Stanley's* last speech.

" "*And many other of great name*," &c.: — The quartos, "*With* many *moe* of *noble fame*," &c.

' "—— *do they* bend their *power*": — The quartos, "they do bend their *course*."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

"*Salisbury. The Market-place*": — There is no stage direction here either in the quartos or the folio. But Hall, who was copied by Holinshed, places the execution at "Salisburye in the open merket place on a newe skaffolde," fol. xl. Ed. 1548; and in *Henry VIII.*, Act I. Sc. 2, the son of this *Buckingham* is accused of saying that he meant to slay *Henry VIII.*, as his father meant to slay the usurper Richard, —

"who [the Duke] being *at Salisbury*
Made suit to come into his presence," &c.

But Blackwell (*Variorium* of 1821) mentions a belief that the execution took place at Shrewsbury, which Courtenay (*Comments on the His. Plays*, Vol. II. p. 111) says is "confirmed by local information."

" "*Sheriff.* No, my *good* lord": — In the quartos, the *Sheriff's* part is assigned to *Ratcliff*, who here replies, "No, my lord," &c.; and just below, "It is, *my lord*."

p. 255. "This is All-Souls' day, *fellow*": — The quartos, "*fellowes*."

" "*Thus Margaret's curse*," &c.: — The quartos, "*Now*, Margaret's curse *is fallen vpon* my head."

" "*Come, lead me, officers*, to," &c.: — The quartos, "Come, *sirs, convey* me to," &c.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

p. 256. "*Enter . . . Richmond, Oxford, Sir James Blunt,*" &c.: — Richmond, who now appears upon the scene to bring the War of the Roses to an end, had not the slightest title to the throne. Even his pretended title was derived through the usurper Henry IV.; and he was not descended from him, but from his father, John of Gaunt, of whose illegitimate son, John, Earl of Somerset, Richmond's mother, Margaret Beaufort, (who married Henry Tudor, half brother to Henry VI.,) was granddaughter. His marriage, however, with Elizabeth of York settled the succession.

The Earl of Oxford was John de Vere, the second earl of that name, and the son of the Earl of Oxford who appears in Third Part of *Henry VI.* The family were fierce Lancastrians; and this Earl had, by the contrivance of Richard, been long confined in the Castle of Hames, in Picardy. He escaped in 1484, joined Richmond, and commanded the archers at Bosworth Field. He became Great Chamberlain and Lord High Admiral under Henry VII.

Sir James Blunt had been Captain of the Castle of Hames, from which he assisted Oxford to escape.

" "—— a thousand *men*": — The quartos, "a thousand *swords.*"

" "—— this *guilty* homicide": — the quartos, "*that bloudie* homicide." The change was probably made to avoid the bald recurrence of the same epithet. *Richmond* has just called *Richard* a "*bloody* and usurping boar."

" "—— his *dearest* need": — i. e., his greatest need; which is the reading of the quartos. The quartos also have, "will *shrinke* from him."

SCENE III.

p. 257. "*My Lord of Surrey,* why look you so sad?" — The quartos, "*Why, how now, Catesby, why,*" &c. In the previous line the folio has, "our *tent,*" instead of "our *tents*" of the quartos. The *s* was dropped in the former case by mere accident; for here the King's orders plainly refer to the army. It is in his third speech below that he gives directions for the placing of his own tent.

" "—— the number of the *traitors*": — The quartos, with less character, "the *foe;*" and in the next line, "their *greatest number*" for "their utmost power."

Digitized by Google

p. 257. "Up with *the* tent": — The quartos, "Up with *my* tent there." But *Richard* has only just before said, "Up with my tent," and in repeating the order he would naturally drop the personal pronoun. This change is noteworthy, because it indicates the minuteness of the revision to which the text of this play was subjected at some time after 1597.

p. 258. "*Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon,*" &c.: — It should be remembered that the field was represented by a platform about as large as the floor of a drawing-room in a modern full-sized house. The representatives of *Richard* and *Richmond* were actually within easy conversational distance of each other, and could almost have shaken hands; and the tents, of course, occupied the same relative positions. Such were the arrangements of our primitive stage. We now, by the aid of scene painters and carpenters, and at the sound of the prompter's whistle, separate the representatives of York and Lancaster by certain yards of colored canvas, and our stage ghosts address themselves to *Richard* only; and there are those who, forgetting that the stage does not, never can, and should not if it could, represent the facts of real life, think that we have gained greatly by the change.

Sir William Brandon, who bore Richmond's standard, was father to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. and the widow of Louis XII. of France. The folio directs *Dorset* to enter here; but *Dorset*, at this time, was in pawn to a royal money lender, Charles VIII. of France, for ready cash advanced to furnish Richmond forth. As Shakespeare quite surely knew this from the chronicles which he consulted in the preparation of the play, and as the mistake is one that might easily have crept into the prompter's book, being a mere stage direction, it may be corrected without authority.

" "*Give me some ink and paper,*" &c.: — The quartos make this and the three following lines a part of *Richmond's* last speech before he retires into his tent. They also omit the two lines which follow these four.

" "—— *keeps his regiment*": — i. e., keeps with his regiment. 'Regiment' was used in Shakespeare's time to mean any considerable body of men, under the regiment or command of one leader, and without reference to the number or organization of the troops that composed it.

" "*Sweet Blunt,*" &c.: — The quartos here merely re-

Digitized by Google

peat the line, "Good Captain Blunt," &c., from *Richmond's* previous speech. This passage affords a marked instance of the warm simplicity of phrase with which men addressed each other in Shakespeare's time. Lieutenant General Scott, with all his courtesy, did not probably address General Worth as Sweet Worth, on the eve of the Battle of Churubusco; and this difference in manners must be constantly borne in mind in reading Shakespeare's works, — especially his Sonnets.

p. 258. "*And so God give you,*" &c.: — Not in the quartos.

p. 259. "—— the *dew* is raw and cold": — The quartos, "the *aire* is," &c. To well-informed readers the reading of the quarto may seem preferable on account of its conformity to the facts of nature; but such conformity is not to be sought against authority, and in disregard of the belief of Shakespeare's time. Even now-a-days there are many people that would be offended if they were called ignorant, and who consider that the danger of exposure to the night air is caused by the falling dews. So "the dews of heaven fall thick," *Henry VIII.*, Act IV. Sc. 2; and "the air doth drizzle dew," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. 5.

" "It's *nine* o'clock": — Catesby's reply in the quartos is, "It is *six* of the clock, full supper time." Therefore, and because the hour for supper in Shakespeare's time was between five and six o'clock, most editors read here, "It's *six* o'clock." But it must be observed that the speech in the folio is not merely that of the quarto with 'nine' substituted for 'six:' it shows that it was remoulded on the revision of the play. I think, with Mr. Verplanck, that the poet wrote originally six o'clock, and that on revision he perceived that this hour, although the supper hour of domestic life, would not agree with the context and the situation — that of an army just encamped after a march. *Richmond* has said before, "The weary sun *hath made* a golden set;" and on the 22d of August (the date of Bosworth Field) sunset in England is about seven o'clock; and *Northumberland* and *Surrey* are said, by *Ratcliff*, a few lines below, to have gone through the lines about cock-shut time, or twilight, which was of course considerably later even than seven. Therefore, as Mr. Verplanck well concludes, the insertion of 'six' confuses the time of all this Act.

" "*K. Rich.* Catesby!—

Cate. My lord?"— Thus the quartos, with a slight variation in the second prefix, presently to be noted. In

Digitized by Google

the folio, the King calls "*Ratcliff*" — a mistake in which it has been followed hitherto. The error was caused by a trifling misprint in the quartos, in which the abbreviated names used as prefixes to the speeches of these characters are *Cat.* and *Rat.*, so that the printing of *R* for *C* gave the reply to *Ratcliff*. To correspond with this, some one who had to do with the folio, either in the printing office or before it went there, made the King call *Ratcliff*. But whoever was commanded by the King to "send out a pursuivant at arms," most certainly went out and did it immediately; and we know from *Richard's* speeches afterwards, both in quartos and folio, that *Ratcliff* remained behind. Both quartos, and folio too, have the stage direction, when the King retires, "*Exit Ratcliff*," only. It was *Catesby*, therefore, whom *Richard* sent out for a pursuivant; and the quarto gives us the correct reading. The omission to mark the exit of *Catesby* is a defect too common to require notice.

p. 259. "Give me a *watch*": — i. e., a watch light. The King gives orders for his guard afterward.

p. 260. "*Richmond's Tent opens*," &c.: — In the old copies, the stage direction is merely, "*Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent.*" See the third Note upon this Scene.

" "—— our *loving* mother": — The folio has, "our *noble* mother" — a reading not only less acceptable in itself, but which, as 'noble' occurs in the previous line, and as we have seen that such bald repetition was solicitously avoided on the revision of this play, we must conclude is the result of the compositor's eye having caught the word from the line above — an error which we have found of not unfrequent occurrence in the old editions of these plays.

p. 261. "—— The *leisure* and the fearful time": — See the Note on "spiritual leisure," *Henry VIII.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

" "I'll strive, *troubled with noise*, to take a nap": — The folio has, "I'll strive *with troubled noise*," &c.; the quartos, "I'll strive *with troubled thoughts*," &c. The reading of the quartos has hitherto been given in all modern editions as poetically preferable; but we need not be very careful about the poetic diction of a man who announces his intention to "take a nap." A dramatic poet must, however, preserve the consistency of his characters; and if Shakespeare at first wrote "troubled *thoughts*," which is possible, he seems to have remembered, on the revision of the play, that he had represented *Richmond* as entirely untroubled in mind, and sure of victory from the time when he first appears upon the scene, (See his

Digitized by Google

principal speeches in Scene II. and the early part of this Scene,) — being on this point consistent with the Chroniclers. The contrast between *Richmond's* assurance and calm confidence in his right, and *Richard's* anxious and even nervous solicitude, is of high dramatic value; and this would be in a great measure destroyed if *Richmond*, on his own confession, retired to rest with troubled thoughts. The transposition in the folio is the mere result of a misplacement, or perhaps the omission, of the caret for 'noise,' on the revision.

p. 261. "*The Ghost . . . appears*": — The old copies have, here and elsewhere, "*Enter the Ghost*," &c.; but all modern editors, except Mr. Verplanck, who has 'Enter,' give "*The Ghost . . . rises*" — Mr. Collier remarking that stage trap-doors were in use in Shakespeare's time. This, however, is a mere matter of stage machinery which concerns managers, and, perhaps, people who see plays, but not those who read them. For those who believe in ghosts, they do not enter and go out, or rise and sink; they appear and vanish.

p. 262. "—— full of [*deadly*] holes": — "Deadly" is found in the quartos only; but we may be quite sure, essential as it is to the verse, that in the folio it was dropped by accident.

" "Doth comfort *thee in sleep*": — The quartos, which Malone followed, make a very lame line by reading, "in *thy* sleep." Pope and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 perfect the verse, but weaken the line, by reading, "live *thou* and flourish."

" "—— with *fulsome* wine": — Malmsey was a rich, sweet, cloying wine.

" "*Let fall thy lance*": — It is highly probable that an epithet before 'lance' has been accidentally dropped; and equally so that this line was written as a counterpart to that above, "And fall thy edgeless sword," &c., — in which case we should almost surely read, "*pointless* lance" — a correction so obvious that it must have occurred to every intelligent and sufficiently observant reader of Shakespeare on the perusal of this passage. It is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 263. "Let us be *lead*": — The later quartos and the folio have, "Let us be *laid*" — a misprint, the correction of which would have been obvious without the aid of the first quarto.

p. 264. "I died *for hope*": — This reading has been much questioned, and not successfully explained; Malone's

Digitized by Google

suggestion, that *Buckingham* "lost his life in consequence of the hope which led him to engage in that enterprise," being the only one worth consideration. Hanmer somewhat plausibly suggested that we should read, "I died *forsook*," *Buckingham* having been deserted by his soldiers on his march to join *Richmond*. Mr. Dyce remarks, (*A Few Notes*, p. 104,) "However we are to understand it, the following passage, in Greene's *James the Fourth*, seems to determine that it is right: —

'War will then cease when dead ones are reviv'd;
Some then will yield when I am dead for hope.'"
Greene's Works, Vol. II. p. 149, Ed. Dyce.

In my opinion, the passage has been misunderstood only because explanation has been sought too remotely. Does it not clearly mean, both here and in the passage from Greene, I died to hope? — 'to' and 'for,' as the sign of the dative, having been used almost interchangeably. (See, for instance, in *Richard's* next speech, "no pity *to* myself.") Buckingham, (as we learn from Hall's Chronicle,) without pay or provisions for his soldiers, retarded by deluges of rain, which laid the country waste and made it impassable, was abandoned by his partizans, betrayed by an old servant, and put to death in an obscure country town before he could approach Richmond; and so he was dead to hope ere he could lend Richmond aid. An examination of the context in Greene's play and of the situation of the speaker — King James — justifies a similar interpretation of that passage. The King sees that when his case becomes hopeless, then war will cease.

p. 264. "It is *now* dead midnight": — The quartos, after and including that of 1598, have, "It is not midnight" — a trifling misprint, left uncorrected in the folio.

p. 265. "Perjury [*perjury*]": — The folio omits the second 'perjury,' which is from the quartos. The omission of a repeated word is a very common error of the press.

" "*Methought the souls*," &c.: — That these lines are very inappropriately placed must be the spontaneous judgment of every thoughtful reader; not, however, because, as it has been suggested, they give superfluous information, (for they are a natural expression of the tyrant's vivid memory of his dream,) but because they are out of all natural connection. They belong, I believe, either after the second line of this soliloquy, and we should read, —

"Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft, I did but dream.
Methought the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent," &c.,

Digitized by Google

or after the line, "O Ratcliff," &c., in the fourth speech below, and we should read, —

"O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream.
Methought the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent," &c.

That there was some doubt about the latter passage, is, perhaps, shown by its omission from the folio, in which *Ratcliff's* allusion to shadows is without occasion, and, indeed, has hardly sufficient justification in *Richard's* mere mention of a fearful dream, according to the text of the quartos. So that were I to print a Shakespeare for myself alone, I should adopt the latter of the two suggested emendations without a doubt. But as the passage in question stands as in the text in all the old editions, and we know that the quarto version was carefully revised, such a change would be altogether beyond the proper limits of editorial prerogative. Ritson suggested, with much reason, in my judgment, — for I had reached the same conclusion before I knew that he had preceded me in it, — that the twenty-two lines, from "What do I fear myself?" &c., to "Find in myself," &c., inclusive, are not Shakespeare's; in which case, the last three lines quite surely are not transposed, but should follow immediately after the first five. The situation is one which a 'star' actor could not patiently see wasted without an effective scene for him; and Burbadge might have had these twenty-two lines added to his part; though why not by Shakespeare himself, it is difficult to conjecture. But the lines are quite surely very much inferior to the rest of the play, and — what is of more consequence — not in the style in which Shakespeare wrote at any period of his life.

p. 266. "*Exeunt King Richard . . . Enter Oxford . . .* Good morrow, *Richmond*": — It must be constantly borne in mind that there are two tents upon the stage within a few feet of each other, and open to the spectators; the occupants of which are supposed to be out of each other's sight and hearing.

" "—— and *cried on* victory!" — Compare, as Mr. Dyce almost superfluously suggests, "This quarry cries on havock!" *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2, and "whose noise is this that cries on murder?" *Othello*, Act V. Sc. 1.

" "*More than I have said*," &c.: — Before these lines, the old copies have, as a sort of title, "*His Oration to his Souldiers.*" This is probably a reminiscence of the Chronicles, in which an address to his soldiers is put into *Richmond's* mouth (the same being done for *Richard*) with

Digitized by Google

the heading, "The oration of King Henry the seauenth to his armie."

p. 267. "If you do *sweat*":—The quarto of 1602 first made the easy misprint of "*sweare*" for 'sweate,' which remained uncorrected in subsequent quartos and in the folio.

p. 268. "—— shall be drawn [*out all*] in length":—So the first quarto: that of 1598 omitted the words in brackets, accidentally, beyond a doubt, and the mischief was not repaired in any of the subsequent old editions. In this order of battle, Shakespeare closely followed the description given in Hall and Holinshed,—"bringyng al his men out of there campe into y^e^ plaine, ordered his fore-ward in a marveylous length, in which he appointed both horsemen and footmen," &c. Hall's Chronicle. Ed. 1548, fol. liii.

" "—— *we will follow*":—So quartos and folio. Hanmer read, "we *ourself* will follow."

p. 269. "—— be not *so* bold":—Thus the quartos and the folio. The Chronicles have, "not *too* bold," which has been very generally adopted. But we are not to take it for granted that Shakespeare always followed the Chronicles word for word. On the contrary, we know that often he did not; and that in such cases as this he was sometimes even inconsistent with himself.

" "*For conscience is* a word":—The earlier quartos, "*Conscience is but* a word."

" "To desperate *adventures*":—The quartos, "desperate *ventures*."

" "*Lodg kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost*":—This is a mistake. Richmond was maintained at the court of the Duke of Bretagne, in a sort of honorable confinement, by Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who was Richard's brother-in-law. And Hall, from whom this speech is closely copied, has, "And to begyn with the earle of Richmond Captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh mylkesoppe, a man of small courage, and of lesse experience in marcyall acts and feates of warr, brought up by my brothers meanes and myne like a captiue in a close cage in the court of Fraunces duke of Britaine," &c., Ed. 1548, fol. liiii. This Holinshed copies, with, however, the misprint, "*moothers* meanes," for "brothers meanes," which error Shakespeare adopted.

p. 270. "*Fight*, gentlemen of England! fight, *bold* yeomen":—Thus the early quartos. The quarto of 1602, "*Right*, gentlemen," and "fight *boldly*," &c., which errors remained uncorrected in all subsequent old editions.

Digitized by Google

p. 270. "Victory sits on our *helms*":—The folio here also left uncorrected an error of the quarto of 1602, "sits on our *helpes*."

SCENE IV.

p. 271. "—— *and exeunt, fighting*":—The quartos, as well as the folio, have the direction, "*they fight*, Richard *is slaine*." But they, *Richard* and *Richmond*, must go out fighting, else *Stanley* could not afterward enter with the latter, (as he is directed to do in all the old editions,) bearing the crown, and say, "Lo, here this long usurped royalty . . . *have* I *pluck'd* off." The truth is, that the Entrances and Exits are very carelessly noted in our old dramatic literature. Mr. Dyce here marks a new Scene — Scene V. But, although it seems improbable that *Richmond*, *Stanley*, and the others, should return, after *Richard* was slain, to the very place where the latter cried, "A horse! a horse!" yet, dramatically, nothing is gained by the change, and as far as reference to the text is concerned, much is lost.

" "Wear it [*enjoy it*]":—So the early quartos. That of 1602 omitted 'enjoy it,' clearly by accident, and the error was not corrected in the folio.

" "Whither if *it please you*," &c.:—The quartos read, "Whither if it please you we may *now* withdraw us;" the folio, "Whither if *you please* we may withdraw us." The 'now' was expunged on the revision, and the first part of the line (which is clumsy prose in the folio) corrupted in reprinting it.

p. 272. "*All this divided*," &c.:- This passage has hitherto been strangely punctuated;—with a comma after 'Lancaster,' at the end of this line, and sometimes a period (as in the old copies) after 'division,' at the end of the next, thus making 'divided,' in that line, refer to York and Lancaster. The construction is a little involved, perhaps, but plain enough. The sense is, 'all this, (i. e., what has just been related,) divided York and Lancaster. O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth, &c., who were divided in their dire division, (i. e., the division of York and Lancaster,) by God's fair ordinance join together.'

" "And let *their* heirs":—So the early quartos; the quarto of 1602, "thy heires," which was copied by the folio.

" "That would *reduce*":—i. e., bring back—the radical sense of the word.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Digitized by Google

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight occupies twenty-eight pages in the folio of 1623, viz.: from p. 205 to p. 232, inclusive, in the division of Histories. It is divided into Acts and Scenes, but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ.

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY VIII.

INTRODUCTION.

FOR the first four Acts of this play, Shakespeare drew his materials from Hall and Holinshed, themselves indebted to Cavendish's unpublished *Life of Wolsey:* for the fifth Act, he went to Fox's *Book of Martyrs.* He adhered closely to his authorities, often using their very words. Henslowe's *Diary* records the production, in 1601, of two lost plays — *Cardinal Wolsey,* and *The Rise of Cardinal Wolsey;* the latter of which was put upon the stage with unusual splendor. Shakespeare was most probably indebted to them only for the hint to make this play a show piece, which its stage directions clearly indicate it to have been.

The editors and commentators of the last century (Chalmers excepted) thought that *King Henry the Eighth* was written in the reign of Elizabeth, and that Cranmer's allusion to James I. (Act V. Sc. 4) was interpolated, after his accession, by Ben Jonson. But the speech in question is homogeneous and Shakespearian; the subsequent allusion to Elizabeth, as "an aged princess," would not have been ventured during her life; and the exhibition of Henry's selfish passion for Anne Bullen and of her lightness of character would have been hardly less offensive to the Virgin Queen, her daughter; and these conclusions accord with the fact that the Globe Theatre was burned down on the 26th of June, 1613, during the performance, according to Sir Henry Wotton, of "a new play," founded on "some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII.," and which he calls *All is True,* but others, *King Henry VIII.* The excessively elliptical construction of this play, and its incessant use of verbal contractions, are marks of Shakespeare's latest years — those which produced *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale.* A bold and singular use of 'its,' in the first Scene, ("Made former wonders its:") also indicates a very late period for its production. I believe that it was written at Stratford in 1613, and was the poet's last work. It was first printed in the folio of 1623, and with remarkable correctness. The period of its action is from 1521 to 1533.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from* Charles V.
CRANMER, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of* Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to* Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman Usher to* Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen. Garter King at Arms.
Doctor BUTTS, *Physician to the* King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a* Sergeant at Arms.
Door-Keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, *and his* Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to* King Henry.
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honor, afterwards* Queen.
An old Lady, *Friend to* Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to* Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Chiefly in* London *and* Westminster; *once at* Kimbolton.

Digitized by Google

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it: such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too: those that come to see
Only a shew or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know
To rank our chosen truth with such a shew
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known

Digitized by Google

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.]

Digitized by Google

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke *of* NORFOLK *at one door; at the other, the* Duke *of* BUCKINGHAM *and the* Lord ABERGAVENNY.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done
Since last we saw in France?

Norfolk. I thank your Grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Digitized by Google

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: to-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams, too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cri'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one: and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.
Buck. O, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of ev'ry thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd;

Digitized by Google

Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.
Buck. Who did guide,
I mean who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the Right Reverend Cardinal of York.
Buck. The Devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can, with his very bulk,
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown, neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.
Abergavenny. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him: let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from Hell, the Devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himself.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Why the Devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him
(Without the privity o' th' King) t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter
(The Honourable Board of Council out)
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, — that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Digitized by Google

Buck. Why, all this business
Our Reverend Cardinal carried.
Nor. 'Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider farther that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (*the purse borne before him,*) *certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* Cardinal *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wolsey. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?
1 *Secretary.* Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
1 *Secr.* Ay, please your Grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt* WOLSEY *and Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best

Digitized by Google

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone t' th' King:
I'll follow and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the King;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along

Digitized by Google

By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't, — his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to shew his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, suggests the King, our master,
To this last costly treaty, th' interview
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, sir. This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' th' combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end
As give a crutch t' th' dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason,) Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen, his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt

Digitized by Google

England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. [He] privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow, —
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd: — but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the Emperor thus desir'd, —
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

Brandon. Your office, Sergeant; execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign King.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord!
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Digitized by Google

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things. — I obey. —
O, my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. — The King [*To* ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines farther.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King t' attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' th' plot. No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold. My life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. — My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

The Council-chamber.

Cornets. *Enter* King Henry, Cardinal Wolsey, *the* Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, Attendant. *The* King *enters leaning on the* Cardinal's *shoulder.*

King Henry. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' th' level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The* King *takes his state.* *The* Lords of the Council *occupy their several places.* *The* Cardinal *places himself under the* King's *feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, "Room for the Queen." *Enter the* Queen, *ushered by the* Dukes *of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk: *she kneels.* *The* King *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Queen Katharine. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us. — Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Digitized by Google

Q. Kath. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil, even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught

Digitized by Google

Pertains to th' State; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd — your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them: their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,

Digitized by Google

I have no farther gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cri'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' th' timber;
And, though we leave it with a root thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd, send our letters with
Free pardon to each man that has deni'd
The force of this commission. Pray look to't;
I put it to your care.

Digitized by Google

Wol. A word with you.
[*To the* Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd Commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in Hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,

Digitized by Google

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.
K. Hen. Speak freely.
Surveyor. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, — that if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.
Wol. Please your Highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.
Q. Kath. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.
K. Hen. What was that Henton?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to France
The Duke, being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I repli'd,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,

Digitized by Google

To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd, — Neither the King nor 's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To [gain] the love o' th' Commonalty: the Duke
Shall govern England."

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' th' tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on. —
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by the Devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do. He answer'd, "Tush!
It can do me no damage:" adding farther,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man. — Canst thou say farther?
Surv. I can, my liege,
K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir William Blomer, —
K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant
The Duke retain'd him his. — But on: what hence?
Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed, —
As to the Tower I thought, — I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."
K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q. Kath. God mend all!
K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee: what say'st?
Surv. After "the Duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was, — were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K. Hen. There's his period,

Digitized by Google

To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* Lord Sands.

Chamberlain. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' th' face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out christendom. How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lovell. 'Faith, my lord,

Digitized by Google

I hear of none but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the Court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now, I would pray our *monsieurs*
To think an English courtier may be wise
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe, indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The Devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going,
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em; now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,

Digitized by Google

And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the Cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies: there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along: — Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.

The Presence Chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, *a longer table for the guests; then enter* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests, at one door; at another door enter* Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guildford. Ladies, a general welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people. — O my lord! y'are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, *and* Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Digitized by Google

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entering. — Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather: —
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another* Lady.
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad; in love too;
But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord. —
So now you are fairly seated. — Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Digitized by Google

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours. —
Ladies, you are not merry: — gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, Madam,
For 'tis to such a thing, —
Anne. You cannot shew me.
Sands. I told your Grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers discharged.*
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
[*Exit a* Servant.
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? — Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileg'd.

Servant *returns.*

Cham. How now! what is't?
Servant. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue:
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. — Some attend him. —
[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All arise, and the tables are removed.*

Digitized by Google

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye. — Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King *and others, as maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* Cardinal, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace: — That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[Ladies *chosen for the dance. The* King *takes* ANNE BULLEN.
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O beauty!
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord, —
Cham. Your Grace?
Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me.
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Digitized by Google

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Cham. *goes to the maskers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then. —
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. Ye have found him, Cardinal.
[*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, Lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter, —
The Viscount Rochford, — one of her Highness' women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you. — A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. — Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. — Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. — Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *GENTLEMAN.*

WHITHER away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O! — God save ye.
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations

Digitized by Google

He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The King's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.
2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.
1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not;
He was never so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,

Digitized by Google

Then Deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from Court too.

2 *Gent.* All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fadom deep: this Duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy, —

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir;
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment;* Tipstaves *before him; the axe, with the edge towards him;* Halberds *on each side; accompanied with* Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, *and* Common People.

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, Heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done upon the premises but justice;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:

Digitized by Google

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to Heaven. — Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can not take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his Grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in Heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Digitized by Google

Vaux. Prepare there!
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell. God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, — both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
But sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Digitized by Google

Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. — I have done, and God forgive me. [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *&c.*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity. — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident:
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have out of malice

Digitized by Google

To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this, too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.

An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham. "*My Lord,* — *The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,* — *his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King; which stopp'd our mouths, sir.*"
I fear he will, indeed. Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Digitized by Google

Enter the Dukes *of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suffolk. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so.
This is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do: he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs,—and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King. And is not this course pious?

Digitized by Google

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French King's sister. Heaven will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. —And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let's in,
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.—
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The King hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

Digitized by Google

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The* King *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha!

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha? —

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? — O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. — You're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. — [*To* WOLSEY.] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. [*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.] We are busy: go.

Digitized by Google

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his place: *Aside, as they retire.*
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Gave their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Campeius. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue
(The Court of Rome commanding) you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. — Where's Gardiner?

Digitized by Google

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:
You are the King's now.

Gardiner. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They walk and whisper.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and di'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow.

Digitized by Google

If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the Queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord!
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an* Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither:—here's the pang that pinches;
His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave, a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old Lady. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,

Digitized by Google

Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again?
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a Duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.

Digitized by Google

Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little:
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand: it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Digitized by Google

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. — [*Aside.*] I have perus'd her well:
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? — [*To her.*] I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in Court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds; and you, O Fate!
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: — have you heard it?

Digitized by Google

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! — for pure respect;
No other obligation. By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Duchess. — Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A Hall in Black-friars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, two* Scribes, *in the habit of doctors; after them, the* Archbishop *of* Canterbury *alone; after him, the* Bishops *of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman-Usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant-at-Arms, *bearing a silver mace; then two* Gentlemen, *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two*

Digitized by Google

Cardinals WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace. Then enter the* King *with his Train, followed by the* Queen *with hers. The* King *takes place under the cloth of state; the two* Cardinals *sit under him as judges. The* Queen *takes place at some distance from the* King. *The* Bishops *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commisson from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
Wol. Be't so. — Proceed.
Scribe. Say Henry, King of England, come into the Court.
Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say Katharine, Queen of England, come into the Court.
Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, &c.
[*The* Queen *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the* King, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*
Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause

Digitized by Google

Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The King, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

Digitized by Google

Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choice) these Reverend Fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your own quiet as to rectify
What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam?

Q. Kath. Sir
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a Queen (or long have dream'd so), certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears.
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,

Digitized by Google

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warranted
By a commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The King is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his Highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,

Digitized by Google

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the* King, *and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the Court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. — Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and her* Attendants.

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens. — She's noble born;

Digitized by Google

And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfi'd,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one — the least — word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. Hen. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd;
But will you be more justifi'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it. — On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention: —
Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came; — give heed to't.
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By th' Bishop of Bayonne, then French Ambassador;

Digitized by Google

Who had been hither sent on the debating,
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' th' progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the Bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or di'd where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' th' world, should not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, —
By all the Reverend Fathers of the land,
And Doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln: you remember

Digitized by Google

How under my oppression I did reek
When I first mov'd you.
Lincoln. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.
Lin. So please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me, —
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, — that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons. — Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on,
For no dislike i' th' world against the person
Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleg'd reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, — by my life
And kingly dignity we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our Queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' th' world.
Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this Court till farther day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his Holiness.
K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor

Digitized by Google

This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer!
Pr'ythee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. — Break up the Court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen *and her* Women *at work.*

QUEEN KATHARINE.

TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Digitized by Google

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their Graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But 'all hoods make not monks.'

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your Highness.

Q. Kath. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, Reverend Lords?

Wol. May it please you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tri'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business

Digitized by Google

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,* —

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble Lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, — out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,) —
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside.*] To betray me. —

Digitized by Google

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness), good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Digitized by Google

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, — my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady, --
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, he 's banish'd me his bed already;
His love too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — (let me speak myself,

Digitized by Google

Since virtue finds no friends,) — a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next Heav'n? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living. —
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her* Women.
Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me. — Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,

Digitized by Google

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess—peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts as false coin from it. The King loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, Reverend Fathers;
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke *of* Norfolk, *the* Duke *of* Suffolk, *the* Earl *of* Surrey, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Surrey. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,

Digitized by Google

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how? how?
Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."
Sur. Has the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the King already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to't.
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:

Digitized by Google

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no:
There be more wasps that buz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The King cried 'ha!' at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry 'ha!' louder.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess Dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Digitized by Google

Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The Cardinal —

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the King?
Cromwell. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance; you he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while. — [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French King's sister: he shall marry her. —
Anne Bullen? No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage. — Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. — Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. — The Marchioness of Pembroke.
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice.
Wol. The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's queen! —
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes — What though I know her virtuous

Digitized by Google

And well deserving, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' th' bosom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter the King, *reading a schedule; and* LOVELL.

Suf. The King, the King.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? — Now, my lords;
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing, —

Digitized by Google

The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the Earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your Highness.

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' th' State; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,

Digitized by Google

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you: since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean?
Sur. [*Aside.*] The Lord increase this business!
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the State. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to Heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it

Digitized by Google

Does pay the act of it; as, i' th' contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am true, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul. Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty
(As doth a rock against the chiding flood)
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this:
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit* King, *frowning upon* Cardinal WOLSEY: *the* Nobles *throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. — 'Tis so·

Digitized by Google

This paper has undone me! — 'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross Devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? — "To the Pope?"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's Holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter the Dukes *of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* Earl *of* SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear farther from his Highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,

Digitized by Google

I dare and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded — envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the King
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
Ti'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end

Digitized by Google

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou should'st feel
My sword i' th' life-blood of thee else. — My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his Grace go forward
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to th' Pope against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,)
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life: — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.

Digitized by Google

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise
When the King knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry guilty, Cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you.
First, that without the King's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That out of mere ambition you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the King's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance

Digitized by Google

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws: let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's farther pleasure is, —
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall int' th' compass of a *præmunire*, —
That therefore such a writ be sued against you:
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. — This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

Digitized by Google

His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, —
Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy — too much honour.
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heaven.

Digitized by Google

Crom. I am glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down
O Cromwell!
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now

Digitized by Google

To be thy lord and master. Seek the King;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Digitized by Google

Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the King; and, — Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the King's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of Court: my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *GENTLEMAN.*

Y'ARE well met, once again.

2 *Gent.* So are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

Digitized by Google

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 *Gent.* Never greater;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High Steward: next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.
2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?
1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.
2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady! — [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is coming.
[*Hautboys.*

Digitized by Google

The Order of the Procession.

A lively flourish of trumpets: then Enter

1. *Two* Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, *with purse and mace before him.*
3. Choristers *singing.*
4. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then,* Garter, *in his coat of arms; and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the* Earl of SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him, the* Duke of NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the* Cinque-ports; *under it, the* Queen *in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the* Bishops *of* London *and* Winchester.
8. *The old* Duchess of NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* Queen's *train.*
9. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain circlets of gold, without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me. — These I know: Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold, brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk.

Digitized by Google

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; High-Steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!
[*Looking on the* Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' th' abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

Digitized by Google

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, — some half an hour or so, —
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belli'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint like
Cast her fair eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,

Digitized by Google

And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that's past;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the King's, and call'd — Whitehall.
3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?
3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the King's secretary;
The other, London.
2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy friend. — The King has made him
Master o' th' Jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the Court; and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, *dowager, sick; led between* Griffith *and* Patience.

Grif. How does your Grace?

Katharine. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happely,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him:
To whom he gave these words,—"O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"

Digitized by Google

So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. — He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tith'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: i' th' presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer:

Digitized by Google

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford; one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he di'd fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him! —
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: — softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision.

Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, *clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces*

Digitized by Google

branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverend curt'sies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to Heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Patience. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?

Digitized by Google

How long her face is drawn! How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your Grace, —

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your Highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the King to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.

Capucius. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me! But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,
The King's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Digitized by Google

Kath. O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late:
'Tis like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom. — Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King, —

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

Kath. — In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature, —
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly! My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men: — they are the poorest,

Digitized by Google

But poverty could never draw 'em from me; —
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: — and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. — Farewell,
My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. — When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. — [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

Digitized by Google

ACT V.

SCENE I. — A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop *of* Winchester, *a* Page *with a torch before him.*

GARDINER.

IT'S one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. —

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas:
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear

Digitized by Google

Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, — that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir, —
Hear me, Sir Thomas: y'are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' th' kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the Jewel-house, is made Master
O' th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary; farther, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens'd the lords o' the Council that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved

Digitized by Google

Have broken with the King; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas;
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* King *and the* Duke *of* SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night:
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me; but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman: and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles:
Pr'ythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember

Digitized by Google

Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles good night. —
[*Exit* SUFFOLK

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.

Lov. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the Bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Enter DENNY *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha! — I have said. — Be gone.
What! — [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.

Cranmer. I am fearful. — Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty
T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our Council, that you shall
This morning come before us: where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till farther trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling again.*] I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, farther.

Digitized by Google

Cran. Most dread liege,
The ground I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you: such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring

Digitized by Google

Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. — Look, the good man weeps:
He's honest, on mine honour. — God's blest Mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. — [*Exit* CRANMER.] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of Heaven
Both now and ever bless her! — 'tis a girl
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell, —

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen. [*Exit* King.
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll ha' more.

Digitized by Google

An ordinary groom is for such payment:
I will have more or scold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl was like to him?
I will have more or else unsay't; and now,
While it is not, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Lobby before the Council-chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, *&c.*, *attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?
Door-Keeper. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician. As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray Heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain

Digitized by Google

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice.)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow Counsellor
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King *and* BUTTS, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. —I think your Highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door, too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. — [*Exeunt.*

The Council-chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* Duke *of* SUFFOLK, Earl *of* SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at*

Digitized by Google

the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop *of* Canterbury. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chancellor. Speak to the business, Master Secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My Lord Archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*
Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little; —
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden, too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses

Digitized by Google

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole State: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace than I do.
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That in this case of justice my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a Counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,

Digitized by Google

From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good Master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.

Digitized by Google

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord. — It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the King's farther pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' th' Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. — Look there, my lords.
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.
Chan. This is the King's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by Heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Digitized by Google

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his life in value with him.
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

Enter the King, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. —
Good man, [*to* CRANMER,] sit down. Now, let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

Digitized by Google

By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your Grace, —
K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.
K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him: if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! — My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Digitized by Google

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons. You shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Porter. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the Court for Parish-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*One within.*] Good Master Porter, I belong to th' Larder.

Digitized by Google

Port. Belong to th' gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. — I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any,
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, — God save her!

[*One within.*] Do you hear, Master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do but knock 'em down by th' dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Digitized by Google

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door; he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line; they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, "Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' th' Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broomstaff to me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind em', loose shot, deliver'd such a show'r of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The Devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? — Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:

Digitized by Google

There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.
Port. An't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.
Port. Make way there for the Princess.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.
Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;
I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace at Greenwich.

Enter Trumpets, *sounding; then two* Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke *of* NORFOLK, *with his Marshal's staff*, Duke *of* SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts: then, four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* Duchess *of* NORFOLK, *god-*

Digitized by Google

mother, bearing the Child *richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a* Lady: *then follows the* Marchioness *of* Dorset, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The* Troop *pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Garter. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King *and Train.*

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen, [*Kneeling.*
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray: —
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord. —
[*The* King *kisses the* Child.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, — Heaven still move about her! —
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Digitized by Google

Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless
her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with
her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark-
ness)
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name

Digitized by Google

Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged Princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must, the saints must have her: yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O, Lord Archbishop!
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in Heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding:
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
'Has business at his house, for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

EPILOGUE.

['Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an Act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, 'That's witty,'
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we shew'd 'em. If they smile
And say, 'twill do, I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.]

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

NOTES ON KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

p. 321. Dr. Johnson was the first to perceive that the Prologue and Epilogue to this play were not written by Shakespeare. He suggested that Jonson was the author, and that gruff old Ben, in a fit of the classicals, took the opportunity to hit his successful and very barbarous friend for the "fool and fight," which were such prominent features in his dramas. That this Prologue and Epilogue are not from Shakespeare's pen, there can hardly be a doubt in the mind of any reader who has truly appreciated the poet's style or his cast of thought, of neither of which has it a single trace. This subject is, however, examined sufficiently in the Notes upon the Epilogue to *The Tempest*, and the Chorus to Act IV. of *The Winter's Tale*, to which the reader is referred. The question as to whether they were written by Ben Jonson is very difficult to decide. They are so much in his manner that we cannot but say that they may be his; and yet not so distinctly marked as to fix their authorship upon any other poet of the day, except, perhaps, George Chapman. Dr. Johnson suggested that they might have been written upon some accidental revival of the play after Shakespeare's retirement from the stage; but to this Gifford (who, in his Examination of the Proofs of Jonson's Malignity, — *Jonson's Works*, Vol. I. p. ccxlix., — ably contends that Ben did not write this Prologue and Epilogue) well replies that "if it (*Henry VIII.*) had been merely revived, the Prologue would have adverted to the circumstance; but it speaks of the play as one which had not yet appeared; it calls the attention of the audience to a novelty; it supposes in every line that they were not yet acquainted with its plan; and it finally tells them that if they came to hear a bawdy play, a noise of targets, or to see a fellow in a fool's coat, they would be deceived

Digitized by Google

Could the audience expect any thing of this kind? or was it necessary to guard them against it, in a favourite comedy, with which they had all been perfectly familiar for twelve years?" (p. cclxxiii.) Gifford also raises the objection that Jonson was not employed by Shakespeare's company, but by that of another theatre — Henslowe's; and he adds that it is more than probable that Jonson was not in England at the period of the supposed revival of *Henry VIII.*, he having been in Leyden and Paris in 1613. But, in my opinion, those who think that Shakespeare would have objected to the contrast which the Prologue writer drew between some of the author's other plays and this, very much mistake both the nature of the passage in question and Shakespeare's feelings on such subjects. The contrast is merely incidental to a general description of the new play; it is distinctive merely, and not disparaging; or if the latter, the disparagement is of the taste of a part of the audience. In a prologue of this nature, Shakespeare, whose good sense and good nature seem to have been no less remarkable than his genius, would have found no ground of offence. Its author will probably never be discovered with certainty. See the Note on the Chorus to Act IV of *The Winter's Tale.*

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 323. "*Enter the Duke of Norfolk . . . the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Abergavenny*":— This Duke of Norfolk is Thomas Howard, son of the 'Jockey of Norfolk' of the last play, who was slain at Bosworth Field, and whose blood was attainted. His honors were however restored in his son, who became Lord Treasurer, Earl Marshal, and Knight of the Garter. This Duke of Buckingham is also the son and heir of the Duke of the last play, whose forfeited honors were of course restored in his son by Henry VII. He was Lord High Constable and a Knight of the Garter. Lord Abergavenny is George Neville, third Baron of that name, (the title and the castle of Bergavenny having been successively held by the Cantelupe, the Hastings, and the Beauchamp families,) and one of the very few noblemen of his time who was neither beheaded himself, nor the son of a beheaded father, nor the father of a beheaded son. His brother, Sir Thomas, however, was compelled to follow the fashion.

Digitized by Google

p. 323. "Met in the vale of *Andren*":—So Holinshed, whom Shakespeare followed, named the vale of Ardres, in which the interview between Francis I. and Henry VIII., called the Field of the Cloth of Gold, took place.

" "——'Twixt *Guines and Arde*":—The towns of Guines and Ardres, in Picardy, belonged, the former to the English, the latter to the French. The valley of the Field of the Cloth of Gold lies between them.

p. 324. "All *clinquant*":—A descriptive word, derived, it need hardly be remarked, from the tinkle or gentle clash of metal ornaments.

" "That *Bevis* was believed":—i. e., the old fabulous romance of Bevis of Southampton.

" "—— *All was royal*":—There is confusion here in the folio. These words and the remainder of the speech are assigned to *Buckingham*. They are plainly a part of *Norfolk's* narrative, and to him Theobald properly restored them. So, "as you guess," at the end of *Buckingham's* next speech, is made in the folio a part of *Norfolk's* following speech. Theobald also corrected this error.

p. 325. "—— a *keech*":—A lump of fat. See Note on "*Goodwife Keech*," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 1. It had a triple application to Wolsey, as a corpulent man, a reputed butcher's son, and a bloated favorite.

" "—— *he* gives us note":—The folio has, "*O* gives us note." The correction, which is Steevens', seems to be the best that can be made. Mr. Collier remarks—"The MS. from which the first folio was printed, perhaps, had, '*a* gives us note,' 'he' being often expressed by 'a,' in familiar dialogue by Shakespeare: the compositor mistook *a* for *o*, and thinking it an interjection, (without attending to the sense, which is a little obscure,) he inserted a period, and made use of a capital *O*."

p. 326. "*Must fetch him in he papers*":—i. e., it would seem, *Wolsey's* own letter, without regard to the Council, must fetch in him whom he [*Wolsey*] puts upon the paper—'papers' being a verb. But I suspect corruption.

p. 327. "—— *both full of disdain*":—This very particular stage direction is from the folio, which, in this respect, is unusually full and exact in this play.

" "*This butcher's cur*":—*Wolsey* was not the son of a butcher, but, as we know by his father's will, of a substantial and even wealthy burgess of Ipswich, where, and in Stoke, he was a considerable landholder. A butcher might be all this now, and more, but not then. The

Digitized by Google

folio has, "*venom'd*-mouth'd," which is possibly what the author wrote.

p. 328. "A beggar's *book*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "A beggar's *brood*."

p. 329. "—— *suggests* the King": — i. e., tempts. See Notes on *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. Sc. 1. p. 188.

" "Did break i' th' *rinsing*": — The folio, "ith' *wrenching*;" a corruption still heard in New England.

p. 330. "[*He*] privily," &c.: — 'He,' omitted in the first, was supplied in the second folio. For "as I trow," in the next line, the first folio reads, "as I *troa*" — a mere phonographic irregularity.

p. 331. "*One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor*": — The folio here misprints, "his *Counsellour*." See afterward, Act II. Sc. 1, "Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor." In Hall and Holinshed he is called chancellor. Theobald made the change.

"O, *Nicholas* Hopkins": — The folio, "*Michaell* Hopkins," but his name, as we learn from the Chronicles, was Nicholas. Theobald also corrected this error, which was probably the result of mistaking the abbreviation 'Nich.' for 'Mich.'

"—— *this instant cloud puts on*": — i. e., 'this instant cloud assumes,' — "whose figure" referring to "Buckingham," not to "shadow." The speaker says that his life is cut short already, and that what they see is but the shadow of the real Buckingham, whose figure is assumed by the instant [the present. the passing] cloud which darkens the sun of his prosperity. Johnson first proposed to read, "this instant cloud puts *out*," and in so doing diverted the minds of many readers (including editors and commentators) from the real meaning of the passage, and created an obscurity for them which otherwise might not have existed.

Scene II.

p. 333. "The *sides* of loyalty": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 needlessly has, "the *ties* of loyalty."

p. 334. "There is no primer *business*": — The folio, "no primer *baseness*." Warburton first read, 'business,' for which the word in the folio is an easy misprint; and the same correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. A consideration of the motive of the Queen's appearance in the Council Chamber, of the tenor of this and her two previous speeches, and of her urgency for immediate

Digitized by Google

attention to the matter of her complaint, makes it clear to my judgment, that although "there is no primer baseness" has a meaning, it is a meaning entirely inappropriate in the context.

p. 335. "—— (*once* weak ones)": — i. e., at one time, sometimes weak ones.

" "A *trembling* contribution": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "A *trebling* contribution."

p. 336. "*Enter Surveyor*": — It is proper that this caitiff should be damned to the eternity of Shakespeare's fame: — his name, as we learn from Holinshed, was Charles Knyvett.

p. 337. "—— *he'd* carry it so": — The folio misprints, "*hell* carry it," &c.

" "*Nicholas Henton*": — This friar's name was Hopkins, as we have seen before (p. 331), but he was often called Henton, from the convent of Henton, to which he belonged. It has been usual to change the name here to Hopkins.

p. 338. "—— under the *confession's* seal": — The folio, by a palpable misprint, "The *commission's* seal."

" "To [*gain*] the love": — 'Gain' did not appear in the text until the publication of the fourth folio, 1685. Perhaps we should read, "To *win* the love," &c.

" "—— and that 'twas dangerous for *him*": — The folio has, "for *this*" — a palpable error, which Rowe corrected.

p. 339. "*Have put his knife into him*": — Shakespeare follows Hall and Holinshed closely in this Scene; and Hall followed the legal records. By an extract made by Vallant from the Year Book 13 Henry VIII., it appears that this monk said, "*et auxi que il disoit si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voul' lui occire ove son dagger.*" The record goes on, "*Mes touts ceux matters il denia in effect, mes fut trove coulp: Et pur ceo il avoit jugement comme traitre, et fuit decolle le Vendredy devant le Feste del Pentecost que fuit le* xiij *jour de May avant dit. Dieu à sa ame grant mercy — car il fuit tres noble prince et prudent, et mirror de tout courtesie.*"

p. 340. "—— *By day and night*": — This oath seems to have been not uncommon. It occurs again in *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 5, and in *King Lear*, Act I. Sc. 3.

SCENE III.

"*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands*": — Malone first remarked that "Shakespeare has placed this scene in

Digitized by Google

1521. Charles [Somerset], Earl of Worcester, was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the King in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office."

340. "*Or* springhalt": — The folio has, "*A* springhalt." But as Mr. Verplanck, who first read 'or,' remarks, "The spavin and the springhalt (the old name for what, in modern veterinary phrase, is the stringhalt) are two diseases so different, not only in nature, but external effect, that they would not be compounded by any one who used the terms at all, much less by one so well skilled in horseflesh as Shakespeare often proves himself to have been." The correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and occurred independently to Mr. Dyce. In the previous line, the folio misprints "*see*" for 'saw.'

" "—— such a pagan cut, *too*": — The folio, "cut *too't*."

p. 341. "*Short blister'd breeches*": — This word 'blister'd' describes with picturesque humor the appearance of the slashed breeches, covered as they were with little puffs of satin lining which thrust themselves out through the slashes.

" "—— *wear* away": — It is hardly necessary to notice the misprint, "*wee* away," in the folio.

p. 342. "—— *has* wherewithal": — i. e., he has wherewithal; the pronoun of the previous clause being understood in this, according to the common custom of Shakespeare's time. The folio has, "h'as wherewithal;" but although this seems sometimes unmistakeably to mark the contraction of 'he has,' at others it does not. The apostrophe was loosely used by the printers of Shakespeare's time; and is so even now by those who are careless or ignorant. It is not rare now to see it used in the plural — not possessive — on posters and signs.

" "—— to be *comptrollers*": — i. e., of the feast.

Scene IV.

p. 343. "As *first* good company": — This, whether we consider 'first' as enumerative or as superlative, is awkward. Perhaps there is a misprint, and we should read, 'as *just*,' &c.; the construction being, "he would have all just as merry as good company," &c.

p. 345. "*For 'tis to such a thing, — You cannot shew me*": —

Digitized by Google

What *Lord Sands* was about to say, and what *Anne Bullen* means, it is at least extremely difficult to conjecture.

p. 346. "*Enter the King and others as Maskers*": — This visit of the King in disguise is historical, and was quite in the fashion of the time. The occurrences at the real masquing, according to Cavendish, Wolsey's biographer, were much as they are here represented. But it was not on this occasion that Henry first danced with Anne Bullen.

p. 347. "*And not to kiss you*": — The allusions to the custom here put in practice are countless in our old literature. A kiss was the established reward of the lady's partner, which she could not deny, or he, without an open slight, neglect to take.

p. 348. "Let the music *knock it*": — 'Knock it' was a common phrase of old for 'play,' as applied to music. It probably arose from the very common use of instruments of percussion — the lute, the tabor, &c.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 349. "To *have* brought": — The folio misprints, "To *him* brought." The correction was made in the folio of 1685, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 350. "*Enter . . . Sir* William *Sands*": — The folio has, "Sir *Walter* Sands;" a misprint or a slip of the pen, as we learn from Holinshed.

p. 351. "Shall *mark* my grave": — The folio has, "*make* my grave" — a corrupt reading. For although envy may, in a fine sense, be said to make a grave, it clearly cannot be the envy or the malice of the person for whom the grave is made. Warburton read, 'mark;' but the misprint was restored by Johnson, and has hitherto retained possession of the text.

p. 352. "—— now poor *Edward Bohun*": — This incident and this reply are taken from Holinshed. *Buckingham's* family name was Bagot; but his ancestors had for some time borne that of Stafford, it having been assumed by a Bagot who married the heiress of Stafford. *Buckingham*, however, affected the surname 'Bohun' because he was connected with that family, and had inherited from it the baton of Lord High Constable of England.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

p. 355. "*Enter . . . Suffolk*": — This Duke of Suffolk is Charles Brandon, son of Sir William Brandon, who was Henry VII.'s standard bearer at Bosworth Field, where he fell. The Duke married Henry VIII.'s younger sister, the Queen Dowager of France, whose favored lover he had been before her sale to the French King Louis XII.

p. 357. "—— *The King is discovered sitting*," &c.: — The stage direction of the folio, conforming to the simple arrangements of our early stage, is — "*the King drawes the curtaine and sits reading pensiuely.*"

p. 358. "*Gave* their free voices": — The folio, by an easy misprint, "*Have* their free voices," which has been retained in all editions hitherto; although it drove Malone to the desperate expedient of substituting a semicolon for the full point of the original after 'voices,' and supposing that 'sent' in the next line is understood after 'have' in this. [i. e., all the clerks, &c., have their free voices sent; Rome, the more, &c., hath sent.] That only the learned clerks should *have* their free voices is plainly absurd; although those who have not adopted Malone's violent misconstruction have been obliged to accept the absurdity. But we know that nearly all the learned clerks in Christian kingdoms *gave* "their free voices" for Henry's divorce, (the decisions of eight continental faculties of law and divinity to that effect, are given in Hall's Chronicle); and therefore *Wolsey* may well say, "Who can be angry now?"

p. 359. "*Kept him a foreign man*": — i. e., kept him abroad. The Chronicles make the same accusation in almost the same terms.

SCENE III.

p. 361. "Yet, if that *quarrel* Fortune": — Warburton thought that 'quarrel' meant a cross-bow bolt, and was used figuratively; Dr. Johnson, more reasonably, that it was used for 'quarreller,' which word was Hanmer's reading. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*cruel* Fortune," which may possibly be the author's word. Warburton's explanation is almost puerile.

" "—— soft *cheveril* conscience": — i. e., elastic conscience. Cheveril was leather made of kid-skin; used in Shakespeare's time for gloves almost as much as now.

" "—— would *hire* me": — Here 'hire' is a dissyllable.

p. 362. "—— an *emballing*": — i. e., an investiture with roy-

Digitized by Google

alty, one of the signs of which was the ball so often seen in the hands of royal effigies.

p. 364. "If this *salute my blood*": — 'Salute' is used in this somewhat unusual manner, and upon a similar occasion in the following passage in Daniel's *Civil Wars*: —

"He that in glorie of his Fortune sate,
Admiring what he thought could never be,
Did feele his bloud within salute his state," &c.
Book II. St. 69. First Ed. of 1595.

SCENE IV.

" "*Trumpets, Sennet,*" &c.: — This unusually long and particular stage direction is from the folio. It conforms to the description of the trial in the Chronicles, and Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

p. 365. "*Scribe*": — This scribe was Dr. Stephens, afterward Bishop of Winchester; and the *Crier* was one Cooke of Winchester, or, according to Holinshed, Westminster.

" "*The Queen . . . goes about the Court*": — The Queen was obliged to go about the Court, as we learn from Cavendish, because "she could not come to the King directly, for the distance severed between them."

p. 367. "That longer you *desire* the Court": — i. e., solicit the court. The folio of 1685 has, "*defer* the court."

" "I utterly *abhor* . . . *refuse* you": — These are the words of the Queen as given by Holinshed. Blackstone says that they are the technical terms of the canon law; but it is far from probable that Shakespeare meant to use them technically.

p. 368. "—— and your *words*": — Tyrwhitt suggested, "and your *wards*."

p. 369. "*Grif.* Madam, you are called back": — The folio assigns this speech to "*Gent. Vsh[er]*"; the office having been designated instead of the individual. The speech is taken bodily from the Chronicle — "With that (quoth Maister Griffith) Madame, you be called againe."

p. 371. "*A* marriage": — The folio misprints, "*And* marriage."

" "—— a *splitting* power": — The folio has, "a *spitting* power," which was corrected in the second folio.

" "—— *Thus hulling in the wild sea of my conscience*": — How closely Shakespeare sometimes followed the Chronicles may be seen in this instance, by the corresponding passage from Holinshed — "Thus my conscience being

Digitized by Google

tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind," &c. As to 'hulling,' see Notes on *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 5.

p. 373. "—— *Cranmer, pr'ythee return*": — Cranmer was at this time abroad on an embassy connected with this very business of the divorce.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 375. "—— and that way I am *wife* in": — Modern editors until the time of Johnson considered this, and correctly in my judgment, the easiest of misprints, for "that way I am *wife* in," meaning any thing within my knowledge. Johnson restored 'wife' with the explanation, "if you come to examine the title by which I am the King's wife; or if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife;' and although, as Johnson himself remarked, this is a coarse and unskilful expression, yet as the sense which it affords is adapted to the context and the situation, I should not feel justified in changing it.

" "(*And service to his Majesty and you*)": — Edwards somewhat plausibly suggested that this line and the next had been accidentally transposed. But integrity can not alone breed suspicion; it must be joined with misunderstood service to produce such an effect.

" "And comforts to *your* cause": — The folio misprints, "*our* cause." The correction was made in the second folio.

p. 377. "Alas! *he's* banished": — The folio, "Alas, *h'as* banished." See Note on "*has* wherewithal," Act I. Sc. 3, p. 438.

p. 379. "*You'd* feel more comfort": — The folio, "You'ld feel," &c. See Note on "I'd not do it," *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 387.

Scene II.

p. 380. "*Have uncontemn'd*," &c.: — Here 'un' has the full force of 'not,' and the construction is, 'Have not gone by him contemned, or at least strangely neglected.'

p. 381. "The Cardinal's *letter*": — The folio, "The Cardinal's *letters*;" — the superfluous addition of a final *s* to substantives having been common in the old printing offices, which has been before remarked in these Notes.

Digitized by Google

p. 381. "*Now all my joy*": — Capell and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 read, needlessly, "Now *may all* joy." See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, Act IV. Sc. 4: —

> "Now *all my* blessing on thee! thou hast made me
> Younger by twenty years."

p. 385. "—— from spiritual *leisure*": — i. e., time devoted to spiritual affairs. 'Leisure' seems to be opposed, not to occupation, but to toilsome and compulsory or necessary occupation. Sir Thomas Chaloner's translation of Erasmus' *Praise of Folly*, 1549, Folly, speaking of the difference between those writers who are studious and careful, and those who devote their pens to her service, says, "But my Scribes on the other side . . . taking no great leysure in penninge of theyr matter, naie, rather, whatsoever toy lighteth in their head," &c. Sig. L. ii. But we need not go so far for an illustration, even more in point, of this use of the word in Shakespeare's day. In his own *Richard III.* we have, —

> "The leisure and the fearful time
> Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
> And ample interchange of sweet discourse."

Mr. Collier's folio, most ignorantly, has "spiritual labour." See Historical Sketch of the Text, Vol. I.

p. 386. "Yet *fil'd* with my abilities": — i. e., ranked with, came up to my abilities. The folio accidentally doubles the *l*.

p. 387. "—— that am *true*, and will be": — The folio prints the speech in which these words occur, thus: —

> "I do professe,
> That for your Highnesse good, I ever labour'd
> More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
> (Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
> And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
> Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
> Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
> As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,
> Should the approach of this wilde River breake,
> And stand unshaken yours."

The last part of the third line has long been incomprehensible to readers, and unmanageable to editors. Rowe read, "That am *I*, have *been*, will be." Mason would have struck the words out. Malone, with some probability, supposed that a line had been lost after "and will be." Mr. Singer reads, "that *I* am *true*, and will be;" and it appears to me that by the latter word, which

Digitized by Google

it will be seen involves but the change of two letters, he has solved the difficulty. But the introduction of '*I*' is needless, as the pronoun occurs twice in the two preceding lines; and under such circumstances the grammar of Shakespeare's time allowed it to be understood. (See many instances pointed out in the Notes of this edition, and this play *passim*.) The slight misprint was doubtless assisted by this omission, and the introduction of the long parenthesis — out of place in any case — was a printer's desperate effort to solve the difficulty of the passage. The words "that am, have and will be," might well stand as equivalent to 'that am, have *been*, and will be;' but this would not solve the difficulty; which is to find a subject and a predicate for all these verbs.

p 388. "*Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey*," &c.: — Reed remarked that the *Duke of Norfolk*, who is introduced in the first Scene of the first Act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for Thomas Howard, who was created Duke of Norfolk in 1514, died, we are informed by Holinshed, in 1525. And not only are two persons made one, but one, two. For this *Earl of Surrey* is the same who married *Buckingham's* daughter, as we learn from his own lips in the early part of this Scene; and the *Earl of Surrey*, *Buckingham's* son-in-law, is also the very *Duke of Norfolk* who here demands the seals; both titles having been at that time in the family, and he having been summoned to Parliament in 1514 as Earl of Surrey in his own right, his father sitting as Duke of Norfolk. But this supposes a needless complication of blunders. Shakespeare's only error was, probably, ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that the *Duke of Norfolk*, whom he first brings upon the stage, died before *Wolsey's* fall; and we are to consider *Norfolk* and *Surrey*, in this Scene, as father and son, and the former as the same person who appears in the first Scene.

p. 390. "And *dare* us with his cap like *larks*": — Larks are still dared in England, by small mirrors upon scarlet cloth. This attracts their attention while they are shot or netted. The allusion, it need hardly be remarked, is to the color of the Cardinal's cap.

" "(*Who*, if he live": — The folio has, "*whom* if he live," and, as Mr. Dyce remarks, so, perhaps, the author wrote here.

" "—— *the sacring bell*": — i. e., the little bell sounded

Digitized by Google

in the service of Mass at the elevation of the Host. The particular scandal alluded to in these lines has not been handed down to us; but general accusations of the kind against Wolsey are not uncommon in the old books in which he is mentioned.

p. 391. "To Gregory de *Cassalis*":—The folio has, erroneously, "de *Cassado*."

p. 392. "—— a *præmunire*":—Barbarous law Latin for *præmonere*. "*Premunire* is a writ, and it lieth where any man sueth any other in the Spiritual court for any thing that is determinable in the King's Court; and that is ordained by certaine statutes, and great punishment therefore ordeined . . . that he shall be out of the King's protection, and that he be put in prison without baile or mainprise," &c. *Termes de la Ley*, 1595, fol. 144. The writ was intended to prevent the abuse of spiritual power.

" "*Chattels* and whatsoever":—The folio has, "*Cattles* and whatsoever"—an easy misprint of 'cattels,' which, as the word is so spelled in the corresponding passage in Holinshed, we have good reason to believe, was written here. *Cattels* and *chattels* were used indifferently; from which we may infer that the pronunciation was *cattels* in either case. See the Note on "Sick of a calm," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

" "The tender leaves of *hopes*":—So the folio. The *s* may be a scribe's or printer's superfluity. (See the Note on "the Cardinal's letter," Scene 2 of this Act.) But there is an appreciable, though a delicate distinction, between "the tender leaves of hope" and "the tender leaves of hopes;" and the idea conveyed to me by the latter, of many desires blooming into promise of fruition, is the more beautiful, and is certainly less commonplace.

p. 394. "—— wept on *'em*":—The folio has, "wept on *him*;" a trifling misprint, hardly worth notice.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 397. "I should have been *beholding*":—The following apposite passage from Butler's Grammar, 4to. Lond. 1633, in relation to the word 'beholding,' was quoted by Boswell, very imperfectly, however:—"*Beholding* to one:—of to *behold* or regard: which, by a *Synecdoche generis*, signi-

Digitized by Google

fyeth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received. . . . So that this English phrase, *I am beholding to you*, is as much as, I specially respect you for some special kindness: yet some, now-a-days, had rather write it *Beholden*, i. e., obliged, answering to that *teneri et firmiter obligari*: which conceipt would seeme the more probable, if to *beholde* did signifie to *holde*, as to *bedek*, to *dek*, to *besprinkle* to *sprinkle*. But indeed, neither is *beholden* English, neither are *behold*, and *hold* any more all one, than *become* and *come*, or *beseem* and *seem*." Sig. a 2.

p. 397. "—— to *Kimbolton*": — The folio, "to *Kimmalton*." But this appears to have been the mere pronunciation of the name; like *Beecham* for 'Beauchamp' or *Chumly* for 'Cholmondeley.'

p. 398. "*The Order of the Procession*": — Called in the folio, "The Order of the *Coronation*;" but it is only the procession on Queen Anne's return from coronation. This elaborate direction is of no service to the action, and was plainly intended only for the prompter and property man of the theatre, that in getting up this show play, they might have exact directions about putting this Scene on the stage. But as it doubtless gives us a very exact measure of the capacity of our old theatre to present a spectacle, it should be retained. It is here given with the least possible deviation from the old text. The direction for the exit of the procession follows immediately upon the 'Order,' in these words: "Exeunt *first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then a great Flourish of Trumpets*."

p. 400. "—— the choicest *music*": — i. e., the most eminent musicians.

SCENE II.

p. 402. "—— but I *think*, your Grace": — The folio misprints, "I *thank*," &c., which the second folio corrected.

" "—— he stepped before me, *happely*": — i. e., by hap; a trisyllable. See the Notes on *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 128.

p. 403. "—— of an unbounded *stomach*": — 'Stomach' was used metaphorically for hunger, and so for craving, and finally, as in this instance, for arrogance. In writing this character of Wolsey, Shakespeare did little more than put Holinshed into verse. "This cardinall (as you may perceive in this storie) was of a great stomach, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on

Digitized by Google

simonie, [i. e., regarded it as of little consequence,] and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion: in open presence he would lie and saie untruth, and was double both in speach and meaning: he would promise much and performe little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example." Ed. 1587, vol. iii. p. 922.

p. 403. "*Tith'd* all the kingdom": — The folio, "Ty'de all the kingdom." But in the first place, "by suggestion tied all the kingdom," is without meaning; in the next, this clause is the counterpart of that quoted from Holinshed above, "by craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure;" and as 'tithe' was "not exclusively used to signify the emolument of priests," as Boswell remarked, there can be no doubt that 'ty'de' in the folio is a misprint for 'tyth'de.'

" "*Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle,*" &c.: — So Holinshed: "This cardinall (as Edmund Campian, in his historie of Ireland, describeth him) was a man undoubtedly borne to honor: I thinke (saith he) some princes bastard, no butcher's sonne, exceeding wise, faire spoken, high minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie, loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his freendship woonderfull courteous, a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie, insatiable to gett, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrowne with his fall," &c. Ed. 1587, vol. iii. p. 917. It is noteworthy that Shakespeare preserves the last statement in the mouth of *Griffith*, although the news of Wolsey's death has just arrived.

p. 404. "—— *the good that did it*": — i. e., says Malone, the virtue that was the cause of its foundation. Pope read, "the good *he* did it;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, most inanely, "the good *man* that did it."

p. 406. "And of an earthy *cold*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, somewhat plausibly, "an earthy *coldness*."

p. 408. "Say his *long trouble* now is passing": — *Catherine*, of course, speaks of herself as the King's long trouble; but perhaps an epithet before 'trouble' has been lost.

Digitized by Google

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 409. "—— at *primero*": — A game at cards, mentioned before in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 5.

p. 410. "—— *is* made Master": — So the original, which Theobald improperly altered to "*he's* made Master." 'Cromwell,' or 'he,' understood, is nominative to 'is,' according to the grammatical usage of Shakespeare's time. See the Notes on "has wherewithal," Act I. Sc. 3, of this play, "namely, is no time to recover hair," *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 210; and "this counterfeit module h'as deceived me," *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 137; and observe "hath commanded," toward the end of *Gardiner's* next speech.

" "*Incens'd* the lords o' the Council": — 'Incense' was sometimes used to mean inform, prompt, instigate, not discordantly with its radical sense, to kindle, to light up.

p. 411. "—— *hath* commanded": — For 'he hath commanded.' See the Note before the last.

p. 412. "*Enter Sir Anthony Denny*": — This and the two following Scenes are based upon a passage in Fox's *Actes and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*. But as Shakespeare was indebted to that work only for the incidents which it relates, which he has adopted without variation, and not for any part of his dialogue, the quotation of the passage in question would be entirely superfluous.

p. 413. "—— *you a brother of us*": — i. e., you being of our Privy Council, and so closely bound to us.

" "Without *indurance*": — Without being put in durance; i. e., sent to the Tower, as the King intimates just above. The word is found in the corresponding passage of Fox's *Martyrs*, which Shakespeare in this Act closely followed.

p. 414. "The *ground* I stand on": — The folio has, "The *good* I stand on;" the sense of which, if it have any, is so poor and so remote, that I have no hesitation in adopting the obvious correction, which Dr. Johnson was the first to propose, and which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 415. "*Enter an Old Lady*": — It is painful to think that Steevens was probably correct in his irreverent supposition that "this is the same old cat that appears with Anne Bullen" in a previous Scene.

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

p. 417. "*Enter the King and Butts at a window above*":—In America, we are not without some examples of old houses in which large rooms are commanded by windows opening into them from passage ways or small adjacent apartments. But of old it was quite common in England to have such windows in the large rooms of manor halls, castles and palaces, especially in the kitchen and the dining room, or banquetting hall. From these apertures the mistress of the mansion could overlook the movements of her servants, either with or without their knowledge, and direct them without the trouble and unpleasantness of mingling with them. Instead of a window there was very often a door opening upon a small gallery or platform, not unlike those in which the musicians are placed in some assembly rooms. Such a gallery, too, was part of the stage arrangement of Shakespeare's day.

"*The Council Chamber*":—Theobald, the first regulator of Shakespeare's plays, should have begun a new Scene here, although the stage direction in the folio is only, "*A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stools, and placed under the State*," &c. But this is plainly the mere result of the absence of scenery of any kind on Shakespeare's stage, and the audience were to imagine that the Scene changed from the lobby before the Council Chamber to that apartment itself. For it will be observed that *Cranmer* entering the former, finds the doors of the latter shut ("all fast") against him: he is bidden to enter, and the King and Dr. Butts afterward do enter the Council Chamber, according to the direction of the folio. It is true that the *Door-keeper* appears in both Scenes; but in the former he is within; in the latter he is summoned from without. This must be regarded, of course, in the performance of the play before a modern audience; but as the Scene has remained undivided until the present day, except by those early editors who followed the French custom of making a new Scene at every important entrance or exit, a rectification of the slight want of conformity to mere external truth would not compensate for the inconvenience to those who refer to the play, consequent upon a disturbance of the old arrangement.

"*Enter the Lord Chancellor*":—Malone remarked that Queen Elizabeth having been born September 7th, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month, and Sir Thomas More (who succeeded Wolsey as Lord Chancel-

Digitized by Google

lor) having resigned the seals on the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed Lord *Keeper*, the last is therefore the person here introduced. But Shakespeare has made a mistake in calling him Lord Chancellor; for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth.

p. 418 "*Cranmer approaches the Council table*": — This is the old stage direction. It should be '*Enter Cranmer.*' See the last Note but one.

" "—— *and capable of our flesh*": — i. e., capable of the sins of our flesh. Rowe read, "and capable of our *frailty;*" Malone, "In our own nature's frail, *incapable*," i. e., unintelligent, foolish: Monck Mason very plausibly proposed, "frail and *culpable;*" which last conjecture was found on the margins of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, but without the semicolon by which Mason would have cut off the connection between 'culpable' and 'of our flesh,' which is by far the more important part of the emendation. For there is no difficulty about the sense of 'capable.' *Constance* (*King John*, Act III. Sc. 1) says, "capable of fears," and we now say that a man is capable of any crime.

p. 419. "Defacers of *a* public peace": — Rowe plausibly read, "*the* public peace," and so also Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 421. "*Chan. This is too much*": — The folio here and before the next two speeches of the *Chancellor* has the trifling misprint, "*Cham.*" Below there seems to be some propriety in the recognition of the King's ring by his Chamberlain, who also, without this recognition on his part, would say nothing during the Scene; but in the next speech again, "'Tis now too certain," &c., it is plainly the *Lord Chancellor* who speaks, although the folio has there again *m* for *n*.

p. 422. "—— too thin and *bare*": — The folio, "too thin and *base;*" but baseness can have no share with thinness in hiding or failing to hide offences. The correction was suggested by Malone.

p. 423. "—— *this* place becomes thee not": — The folio, by a common misprint, "*his* place," &c. The necessary correction was made by Rowe, and was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*That is a fair young maid*," &c.: — We should read, in my judgment, "*There* is a fair young maid," &c. The young maid could not be the suit. The folio has a full point at the end of the previous line.

Digitized by Google

p. 424. "*Come, come, my lord,*" &c.:—This passage, to "Will these please you?" is printed as prose in the folio. It has been hitherto regulated in other modern editions thus:—

"Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons; you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk
And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?"

or thus:—

"Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.
You shall have two noble partners with you;
The old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquis Dorset:
Will these please you?"

If the reader, dissatisfied with the prosaic appearance of the passage in the present edition, and desirous on that account to supply himself with another, asks which of the other arrangements is verse, he can only be answered by the showman's formula, "Whichever you please, my little dear, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

" "—— you'd spare *your spoons*":—According to a custom of our ancestors, which has not entirely ceased with us, sponsors at a baptism presented the 'chrisom child' with silver spoons, more or less in number, according to the ability and generosity of the donor. Sometimes a dozen were given, with the figures of the apostles carved out of or engraved upon the handles. These were known as apostle spoons, and such spoons are often mentioned in our early literature. Sometimes a single spoon was given, decorated with the effigy of the apostle in honor of whom the child was named.

Scene III.

" "—— for *Parish Garden*":—i. e., Paris Garden, which was called Parish Garden by people of the *Porter's* class, and which was the principal bear baiting and bull baiting ground of London.

"—— leave your *gaping*":—i. e., your shouting. Reed quoted from Littleton's Dictionary, "To gape or bawl, *vociferor*."

p. 425. "—— against *Paul's*":—The folio, as in numerous other instances, has "*Powle's*." But this is a mere phonographic irregularity, not a characteristic vulgarism like "Parish" above. 'Paul' was universally pro-

Digitized by Google

nounced *Pole* in Shakespeare's time. See the Note on "as well as Pauls," 1 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

p. 425. "Let me ne'er hope to see a *chine* again," &c.: — It is somewhat remarkable that, what with the countless notes upon passages as clear as noonday, no remark, that I can find, was made upon this very obscure passage until the discovery of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, which has this very noteworthy and plausible correction, which at first seemed to others, as well as to myself, worthy of a place in the text.

"Let me ne'er hope to see a *queen* again,
And that I would not for a *crown*, God save her."

But the pertinence of the correction depends entirely upon the occasion of the tumult; and this, it will be seen, does not justify the Porter's Man in saying, 'let me ne'er hope to see a queen again;' for he has seen no queen, although the impression at first is that he has. The occasion is the christening of the newly born princess; and as that took place on the fourth day after her birth, (See the Note on 'Enter Lord Chancellor,' in the previous Scene,) we may be sure that the Queen, whose labor had been difficult, was hardly able to walk in procession to a christening. The old corrector may have restored the text; but that he did so is not sufficiently clear for us to adopt his changes. It has been suggested that the language "being that of a clown, may be designedly nonsensical;" which is not very probable, as the man elsewhere speaks very good sense, in very intelligible language; and Mr. Dyce plausibly asks, "Are we to understand that the Porter's Man was a huge feeder?" But in either of these cases, what reference has "God save her"? unless the speaker were a Welshman or a Gael, and meant himself, which does not appear. The passage seems to be inexplicable.

p. 426. "—— *under the line*": — i. e., the equinoctial line.

" "That *fire-drake*": — A fire-work which sprang fitfully about in the air with many explosions.

" "—— *who cried out, "Clubs!"* — The rallying cry of the London prentices was 'Clubs,' as the reader of *The Fortunes of Nigel* will remember.

" "—— to th' broomstaff *to* me": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, needlessly, "to th' broomstaff *with* me."

" "—— but the *Tribulation* of Tower Hill, or the *limbs of Limehouse*": — No other allusion to these places or assemblages has been discovered. It may be that these are the names of Puritan congregations, and that Shake-

Digitized by Google

speare meant a satirical fling at the pretended meekness of that body; but it may also be that "their dear brothers" refers to the obstreperous youths first named, and that the "audiences" referred to were of the same kidney. Within the memory of men now living 'Tribulation' was a common name among New England families of Puritan descent.

p. 426. "*Limbo Patrum*":— The purgatory of the Patriarchs.

p. 427. "—— baiting of *bombards*":— Bombards were large leather drinking vessels. See Notes on *The Tempest*, Act II. Sc. 2.

" "I'll *pick* you," &c.:— The folio has, "I'll *pecke* you," &c. — a mere irregularity.

SCENE IV.

p. 429. "—— *Saba* was never":— So the folio. Except in the translations of the Bible the word 'Sheba' seems to have been unknown to English and even to Latin literature in the time of Shakespeare. Solomon's dusky admirer was Queen of Sheba; but in the Septuagint as well as in the Latin Vulgate, she herself is called Saba. "Και Βασίλισσα Σαβὰ ἤκουσε τὸ ὄνομα Σαλωμῶν." 1 Kings x. 1.

p. 430. "—— *but she must die*":— Mr. Dyce objects that the punctuation here given (and universally given till he wrote) "makes Cranmer regret his supernatural foreknowledge of Elizabeth's being destined to pay the common debt of humanity;" which (saving the supernaturalness, which does not appear) is, in my judgment, just what Cranmer meant to do. The Archbishop would be understood as saying that the Virgin Queen was too good to die. Mr. Dyce prints, —

"but she must die,
(She must, the saints must have her,) yet a virgin."

" "And *your* good brethren":— The folio has, "And *you*," &c., which Theobald properly corrected, on the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby. The King would not call the Aldermen his brethren. The same typographical error occurs elsewhere.

" "'*Has* business":— i. e., he has business. See the Notes on "this counterfeit module," &c., *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 137, and "Who taught 'this?" *Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 388.

p. 431. "Epilogue":— See Note on the Prologue.

END OF VOL. VIII.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

32101 066124023

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google